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The FIRST "FOURTH" of JULY

Independence Hall *as it was in the* Days of '76

By WILLIAM PERRINE

THE most venerated building on the American continent has just gone through the process of a historic "restoration." To the historic edifice in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and which was the Capitol of the Continental patriots, has been applied a plan of making it look exactly as it was on the fourth day of July, 1776, and of preserving it thus forever for the nation and for posterity.

Colonial literature has been ransacked, Colonial relics have been exhumed and compared, and the critics of Colonial history, in the midst of their discoveries of texts and prints have carried on controversies like those of the monkish scholars who disputed over a reading of a papyrus or the authenticity of a true bit of the cross. An amount of money much greater than the original cost of the building has been expended in the reproduction of the revelation of its lost antiquities. The most minute and the most scrupulous research has been given to the task with a sense of reverential duty and love combined.

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Indeed, with such jealous care has the operation been conducted that it would, perhaps, have been easier to gain access to the Winter Palace of the Czar than it has been for a visitor during nearly a year to pass the guards that have cordoned the American Temple of Liberty. The solicitude lest a vandal or a relic hunter should carry away even a splinter of the sacred edifice has been at times almost painfully acute. In truth, the whole work has been done with a profound realization of what is due to the country in handing down to countless generations of Americans that hall whose walls Edward Everett once said that it would not be unseemly for his countrymen ever to look upon as salvation, and its gates praise.

The hall in which the makers of the Declaration of Independence sat had for forty years before been the meeting-place of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. No finer legislative chamber was to be found in the Colonies, and the architecture of the State House would frequently elicit the admiration of Europeans. Yet there is evidence that when it was built the same difficulties which impede the construction of public buildings in our own time—the opposition of disappointed critics, and the schemes of politicians and office-holders—entered largely into the undertaking.

The famous Andrew Hamilton, the architect, was on one occasion so disgusted that he wanted the Assembly to give him permission to wash his hands of all responsibility for the affair, and twelve years after the legislators of Pennsylvania first took possession of it they were in discomfort because it was still unfinished. It will thus be seen that the building had long been a seat of legislation before the Continental Congress even thought of making it their headquarters.

The most conspicuous reminder we now have of its earlier days is the elegant apartment occupying the entire second floor and known as the "Banqueting Room." It had been the scene of many a dinner, a ball or a celebration of the King's birthday. The restoration of this fine, ancient room in white and yellow to its elegant simplicity in the pre-Revolutionary days was the first step in the process of historic reconstruction; it was under the direction of the Daughters of the Revolution, who hold with loving care the big brass key of its doors; and the old-fashioned fireplaces, with their sooty bricks and andirons from the eighteenth century, are now among the quaintest of its antique charms.

The room in the west side of the first floor of the building has undergone much change in order to make it conform to its appearance when it was the chamber of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. There have also been many alterations in the color, the size, or the position of bricks, and tiles, and windows, and doors, and columns—and the wisdom of some of these is still a matter of critical discussion. It is not necessary either to describe or to discuss them here. They have more concern to those interested in the minutiæ of Colonial archæology than they have to the country at large.

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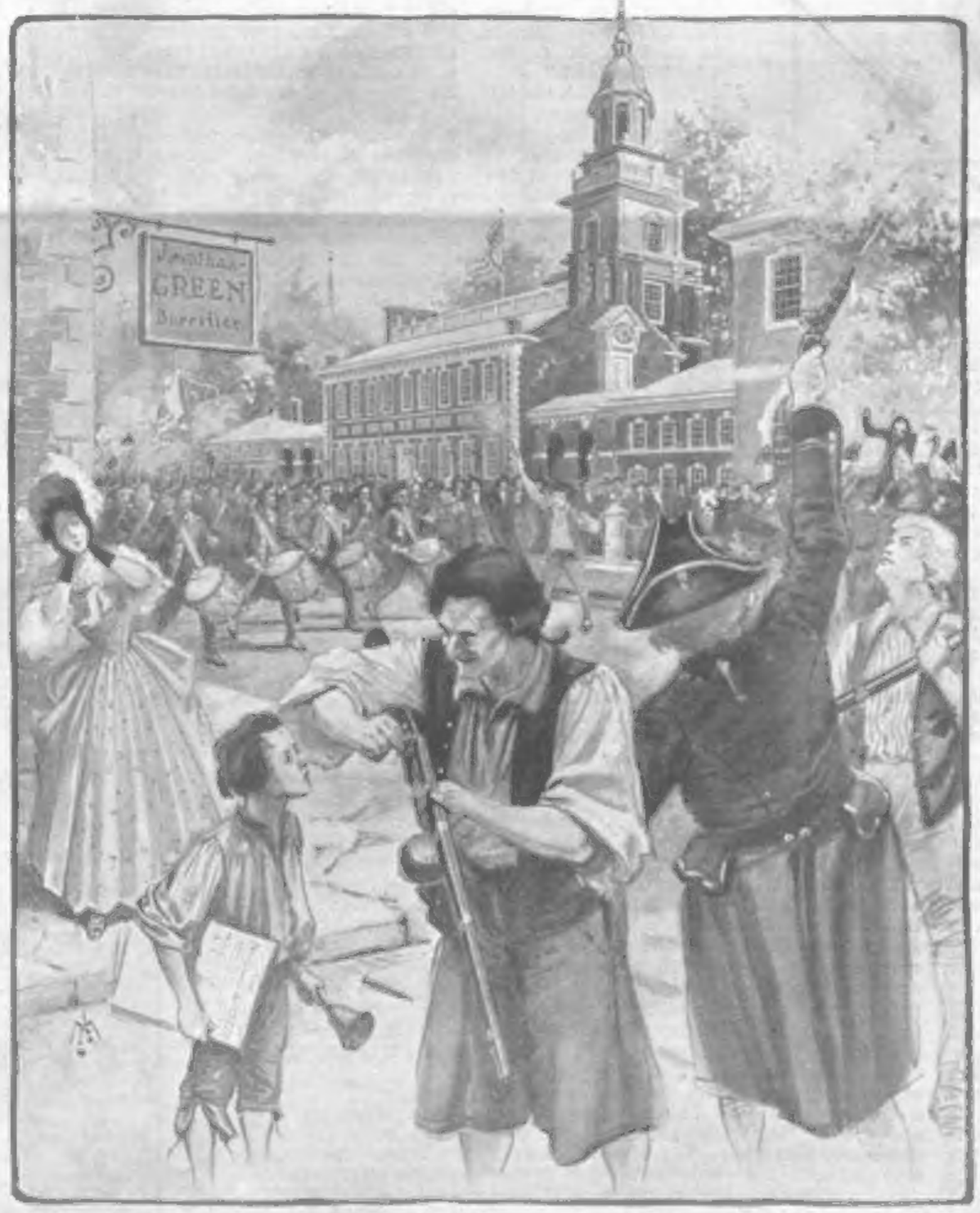
It is chiefly in Independence Hall—and this term should properly be limited to the east room of the first floor of the State House, and not extended, as it often is, to the entire State House—that the scene of restoration will henceforth be most impressive. When the members of the Continental Congress originally entered the chamber they found it as it had been used by the Assembly, or Legislature, of Pennsylvania, which consisted of a single body, and which had adjourned to the upper story of the State House.

The hall was a model of simple elegance, and there is abundant reason for believing that in all essentials it looks to-day as it did when the first great acts of independence were performed within its walls. The ceiling and mouldings have been restored to their original size and color; two doors that opened through the east wall have been revealed; the ancient fireplaces, that had been bricked up and walled over, have been thrown open; the tile flooring has been removed to make way for a board floor of the Revolutionary time, and all vestige of the use of the chamber in recent years as a receptacle for a variety of patriotic pictures, busts and curios has been removed. To-day the task of picturing it as it was in the "times that tried men's souls" has been much lessened.

At the middle of the east side of the hall was a dais or platform on which was mounted the chair or throne of the President; in front of him was the desk of the Secretary; and now the chair in which Hancock sat, the desk on which Charles Thompson entered his minutes of the proceedings, and on which the Declaration was signed, and the silver inkstand that was used by the signers are all there. There, too, are chairs on which the members sat when, arranged in a semi-circle, they debated the affairs of the Revolution,



FROM THE DRAWING BY H. MARTIN JUSTICE

"THE PEOPLE CROWDED AROUND THE STATE HOUSE, BELLS WERE RUNG ALL OVER TOWN, AND GUNS WERE FIRED"

being clustered in groups according to the different Provinces which they represented.

Later on the hall seems to have been furnished with thirteen tables, each with a green cloth, for the accommodation of a colony or

"THE ROOM HAD BEEN THE SCENE OF MANY A BALL OR CELEBRATION OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY"

State. Overhead from the centre of the ceiling still hangs the fine chandelier that shed its candlelight upon the assembled Statesmen. Over the main doorway was suspended at least one flag. One was an elegant yellow standard, on which was depicted a rattlesnake about to strike, with the words, "Don't tread on me!" This was the flag of the Navy, and probably by its side was the Army standard of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with the British Union Jack or a rattlesnake.

It was not until nearly a year after the adoption of independence that the "Stars and Stripes" were first ordered in the hall to be the standard of the new nation. At the southeast angle of the room may now be found the door that led to a little building on the outside which had been used as a library by the Colonial Assembly, which was also a committee room, and which may be fairly said to have been our first Congressional Library. No attempt has been made to restore this interesting structure, although the outlines of its walls were distinctly discernible on the State House exterior, from which it had been separated and torn down in after years, and at least one picture has been discovered in which it is represented behind the eastern arcade.

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These arcades with the wings were notable chiefly in local repute as public offices, and a radical reconstruction has been necessary to bring them back to their shape and size in the Revolutionary days. They will be used hereafter as National museums for the preservation of Revolutionary relics, and they will be likely to assume a picturesque effect if the State House pavement in front shall also be restored, as is now contemplated, with walks and grass plots, the lanterns, the pump and the watch-boxes of other days, and in the background the foliage of the ancient "State House Yard."

Such, in the main, have been the features of this remarkable effort to reproduce the State House and its surrounding scenery as closely as possible in accord with their appearance on the Fourth of July, 1776.

Yet the Fourth of July is not the day which some of the patriots of the Revolution were first inclined to celebrate. Nor is it now regarded by some scholars as the one of chief significance in the chain of important events by which the Continental Congress finally decided upon Independence.

Thus it was the second of July which John Adams meant when he wrote his famous letter to his wife, Abigail, saying that "yesterday was decided the greatest question which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men." It was in almost the same hour when he wrote that "the second day of July will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to the Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore. • • • I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and think posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even though we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not."

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It was on that day—the second of July—when the vital and essential act of independence was accomplished in the passage of Richard Henry Lee's resolution of only forty-six words, declaring that the united Colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Jefferson, with his fellow-committeemen, did not set to work on drafting the Declaration of Independence until the resolution of independence had been debated in three weeks of June. The Declaration was the statement of the reasons why the resolution had been passed, and was brought before Congress as a Committee of the Whole on the second of July and adopted within the next forty-eight hours, or late on Thursday, the Fourth of July.

Little is known of the proceedings on the Fourth of July, which were secret. Jefferson did not like the changes and mutilations which had been made in his draught of the Declaration, and Franklin, doubtless out of the abundance of his own editorial experience, tried to console him with a story about one John Thompson, a hatter, who had been one of his particular chums in the days when he himself was only a journeyman printer.

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Thompson's first concern in opening a shop was to have a handsome signboard, with an appropriate inscription, which he thought should be as follows: "John Thompson, Hatter, Makes and Sells Hats for Ready Money." This he submitted to the judgment of a council of his friends. One said that "hatter" was superfluous because it was followed by "makes," and it was consequently omitted.

The next thought that "makes" was unnecessary, because it would not be important to inform Thompson's customers that he made the hats so long as the hats were good ones, and out it went. Then objection was made to "for ready money," as it was not the custom to sell on credit, and the phrase was omitted. Thus the inscription had been reduced to "John Thompson Sells Hats." "But," said another friend, "nobody will expect you to give them away. What's the use of that word?" This, too, had to go, and then "hats" went next when it was discovered that a hat would be painted on the sign and make the word unnecessary, so that finally nothing was left but the name of John Thompson and the figure of a hat.

And so it was that Jefferson, perhaps, had some comfort, when he saw the Declaration finally go through after many of his eloquent paragraphs had been cut out or boiled down.

There was little or no excitement immediately attending its passage. The day was warm, the members were perspiring, and tradition has it that they were busily employed in keeping the flies from biting them through the hose on their legs. The session was strictly secret, no newspaper reporters were in attendance, and the stories which represent the people clamoring at the doors of the State House for news, while the statesmen inside were signing the Declaration, are entirely mythical, and has come to be believed in wholly by the sympathy it arouses in us.

On the next day Congress ordered that it should be officially proclaimed. The Evening Post, of Saturday, was chosen as the organ of communication, and from its pages, as well as from the broadsides that were put into circulation, the Declaration first became generally known.

The following Monday, or the eighth of July, had been chosen as the day for reading it to the people. Then it was that the spirit of the people began to rise high; then it was that they listened to John Nixon's reading of the paper, not from Independence Hall, but from a structure that had been erected in the State House Yard to observe the transit of Venus in 1769; then it was that the Liberty Bell rang out for the first time its anti-British peals, and then it was that the populace, in their frenzy of joy, rushed into the State House, tore down the Royal coat-of-arms over the seat of justice to show that the authority of King George had ended, and exultingly committed the insignia to the flames.

Nearly all night long, under the star-lit heavens, blazed many bonfires, and it was almost dawn before the bells had ceased to ring. Immediately throughout the country the Declaration was read amid the same kind of rejoicings, usually accompanied by firing a salute of thirteen guns or the significant act of destroying the Royal coat-of-arms.

John Harmer, a soldier of the Revolution, once told in his old-fashioned American way how he had heard Nixon read the Declaration in a loud voice, and how he listened with delight to the booming of the Liberty Bell. "Ah! that is the trumpet that told the British a tale. Everybody was expecting the King's troops would be coming here soon and would sack and burn the place; but the largest number of us were patriots, and knew the King was a tyrant, and we did not care much whether he came or not. How the people did crowd around the State House on the day the Declaration was proclaimed. Bells were rung all over town, and guns were fired, but above them all could be heard the heavy, deep sound of the old bell that rang as if it meant something." It meant our freedom.

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The Liberty Bell in modern times has been viewed with an enthusiasm that no other object in this country has ever elicited. Men and women have been known to kiss it, to kneel before it and to shed tears over it, and more than one pair of lovers have come to the State House, asking to be married beneath it as a canopy. The tower in which this bell was rung, in 1776, was taken down not long after the Revolution. The existing tower was built only seventy years ago; but it is substantially a reproduction of the original one, and the restorers have made no material changes in its appearance in any way.

The grand old bell, first cracked in 1835, when it tolled its funeral notes over the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, has long been a mute occupant of the interior of the State House save on its memorable journeys in recent years through the West and South. Many, if not most, of those who gaze upon it seem to imagine that its oft-quoted Biblical inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land," etc., was placed there by the Revolutionary patriots. The truth is, that the bell was cast nearly a quarter of a century before the Declaration was adopted, and that the lines from Leviticus were lettered upon it under the direction of the Assembly of Pennsylvania long before there was any thought of the disruption of the ties which bound it to England.

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The restorers have given it a place in the State House corridor, where, sheltered within a case of glass, it is regarded day after day with the same affection and reverence such as English crowds show when they are admitted to the Tower to look upon the iron cage in which are preserved the crown and all its jewels. Thus an old man from the West—and he is but a single illustration of daily instances of reverence hardly less profound than his—came to see it recently for the first time. He bowed his head, looked upon it for many minutes, and then, falling on one knee, and with uplifted hands, exclaimed: "God bless this old bell! Now that my eyes have seen it at last, I can go home and die a better man."

But it was nearly a month after the bell first rung out its prophetic mission that the Declaration was signed. It was August before it began to receive the autographs of the patriots; nor were all the fifty-six signatures placed on the parchment at a single session. It was when the members assembled around the table on the second of August that the ever-famous Hancock-Franklin anecdote had its illustrious origin.

"We must be unanimous," said President Hancock; "there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." "Yes," remarked Franklin quickly; "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately." They hung together.

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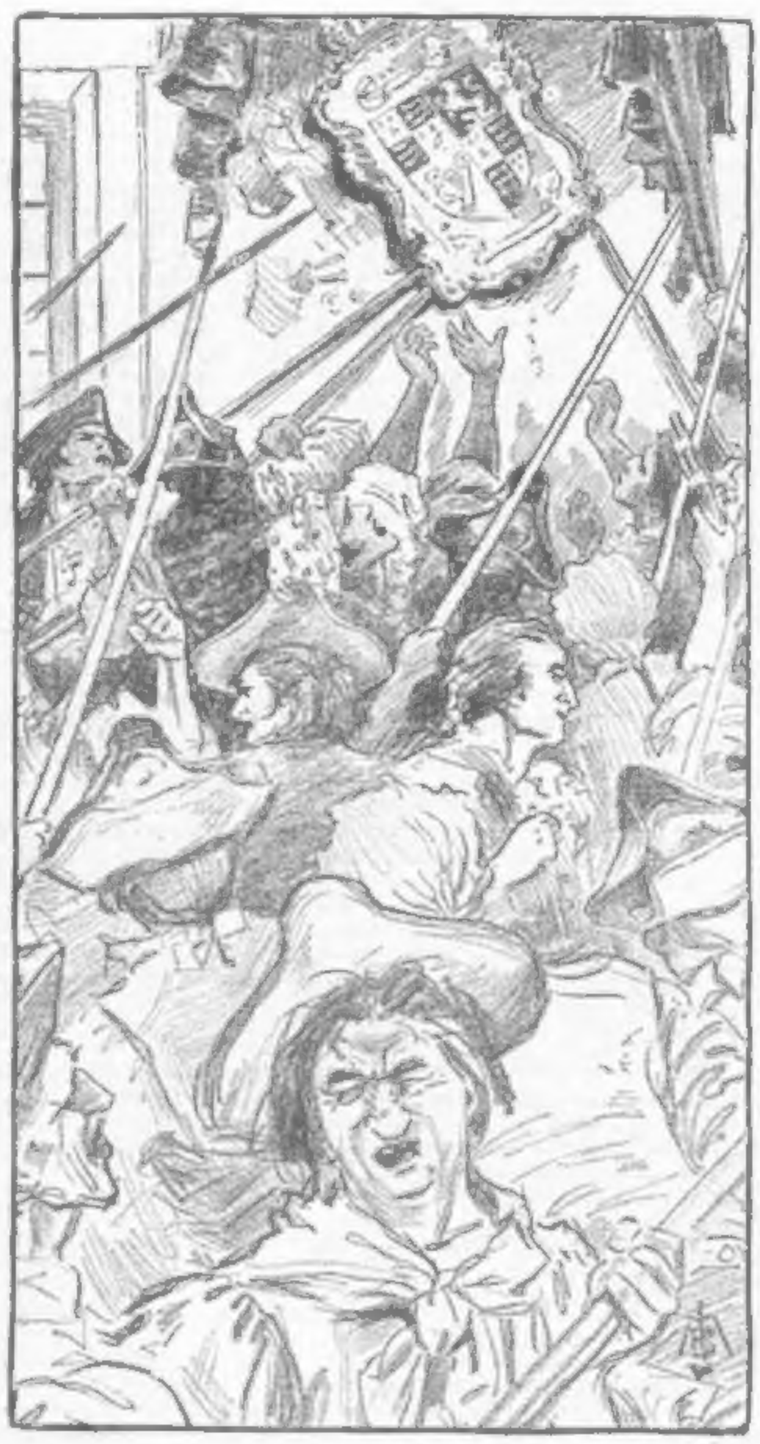
Another story, little known, is told of Elbridge Gerry and Benjamin Harrison, the great-grandfather of the present ex-President. Gerry at the time was of slender frame, and Harrison was of ample proportions. "Well," said Harrison facetiously, after Gerry had signed the paper, "when the hanging time comes I shall have the advantage of you: I am so heavy it will be all over with me in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I have gone."

The Fourth of July the year afterward was the first celebration of the Declaration that coincided with the date of the passage of that paper. The holiday leaped almost instantly into popular favor. Congress gave a civic and military dinner at the City Tavern in Philadelphia. There was a parade, bells were rung, the shipping in the Delaware was dressed with flags, and there were fireworks and illuminations at night, while the windows of the houses of Tories and "friends of peace" were smashed, and threats made to mob them. But the most interesting as well as the comical incident of the first Fourth of July celebrated by Congress was that a Hessian band among the prisoners captured by Washington was obliged to furnish the music for the feast of rejoicing and British soldiers to fire the *feu de joie*.

In the following year, after the British, who in the meantime had taken possession of Philadelphia, evacuated the city, there was another Congressional entertainment at the City Tavern; but the extreme heat and scarcity of candles were given as an excuse for not ordering a Fourth of July illumination. On other occasions, before the Revolution was over, the day was commemorated by such events as honoring the French King and Frenchmen, like Rochembeau, the conferring of the degree of LL.D. by the University of Pennsylvania on General Washington, a balloon ascension, and always and everywhere by much drinking of toasts.



"THE POPULACE, IN THEIR FRENZY OF JOY, TORE DOWN THE ROYAL COAT-OF-ARMS"

Since that time there has been a general acceptance of the Fourth of July as the red-letter day on the calendar of patriotism. In 1876, during the period of Centennial exercises at Independence Hall, a "congress of authors," in which public men from all parts of the country took part, commemorated the second of July. They simply wished to satisfy their sense of historic truth, and recognized, of course, that it would be futile to try to convince their countrymen that they ought to comply literally with John Adams' counsel to celebrate Revolutionary Day or to substitute it for Declaration Day.

The restoration, as it has been planned, is still incomplete. There are two other buildings—one west and the other east of the arcades on either side of the State House—and they together were the Capitol of the Republic in the first ten years of its history. In the one met the Supreme Court, with Ellsworth, Jay, Rutledge and their compeers on the bench; in the other assembled the first five Congresses of the United States under the administrations of Washington and Adams. And what a storm of opposition was worked up when Congress decided to leave New York and occupy it as a Capitol! Freneau, the poet-editor, writing verses in the name of a Philadelphia housemaid, made her exclaim:

"Six weeks my dear mistress has been in a fret,
And nothing but Congress will do for her yet;
She says they must come, or her senses she'll lose;
From morning to night she is reading the news,
And loves the dear fellows who vote for our town,
Since no one can relish New York but a clown."

The success of the transfer was largely due to the enterprising Robert Morris, then nearing the height of his power as politician, banker and Federalist manager; but it caused him to be selected as the target of much abuse. Thus there has come down to us a caricature in which Morris is represented carrying the whole chamber of Congress, filled with members, on his shoulders, while the devil, pointing in the direction of Philadelphia, is represented as beckoning to him and saying, "This way, Bob; this way."

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In the building where the Congressmen took up their abode a work of restoration has already been partly accomplished by the Colonial Dames. It has been confined to the chamber on the second floor, where the United States Senate held its sessions from 1790 to 1800, where John Adams and Thomas Jefferson presided over its deliberations, and where Washington was inaugurated for his second term in the Presidency. The hall, with its gallery for visitors, is substantially the same as it was when Gallatin and the Morrises, Burr and Madison, and Monroe and Jackson, the Schuylers and the Stocktons, sat there, and the green blinds on the windows, the thirty-two chairs in leather, the platform and the chair of the Vice-President, and the old fireplaces bring back the scenes of debate, when John Adams could reduce any Senatorial tempest by three gentle raps of his silver pencil-case.

On the floor below may be found the hall of the House of Representatives, over which Muhlenberg, Trumbull, Dayton and Sedgwick held forth as Speakers. And here we may look back to the scenes when John Adams was inaugurated in the Presidency; when Washington read his annual messages, when his "Farewell Address" was delivered to Congress; when Hamilton, Knox, and Pickering and Randolph, as members of the Cabinet, were privileged to sit with the lawmakers; when President Washington himself would occasionally make his appearance to counsel with Senators and Representatives; when the fierce debates over the Jay treaty shook the whole country; when the first revenue and tariff acts were passed, and when Matthew Lyon and Roger Griswold became so violent in "the heat of debate" that they knocked each other down on the floor of the House and fought with the shovel and tongs they seized from the fireplace.

The hall is to be restored, as it was with its semi-circular rows of desks, the Speaker's platform, the desks of the reporters, the velvet carpet, and all the other equipment and furniture that can be reproduced.

When the City of Philadelphia has completed the patriotic undertaking, it is proposed that there shall be a great National celebration to commemorate the restoration of Independence Hall, the rest of the State House and the early Capitol of the Republic. Then they are to be kept forever as precious treasures of and for the whole American people; and the walls of the old temple of liberty, so thick and strong that even now, it is said, only an earthquake could shake their old-fashioned foundation, would seem as if they had been built to be perpetual.

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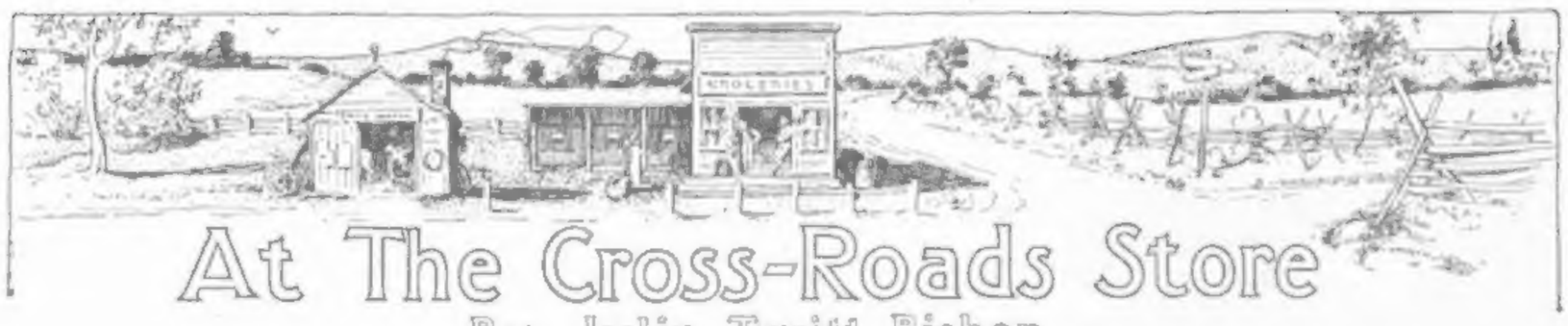
Long distant may the age be when men shall again see the little jar which the workingmen of the State House have sealed up within its walls, and in which, addressed "To the Americans of the Future, all Hail," is a parchment reciting the part they have played in the restoration, and how in 1898 the inspiration of Independence Hall was again abroad in the land in a new war for human freedom from oppression and tyranny.



At The Cross-Roads Store

By Julia Truitt Bishop

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

"PUTS me in mind of ole man Freeman," said Mr. Teakwood reflectively as he shaved a keener edge on the wooden sword he was making, and sighted along the blade with a discerning eye.

A slight movement went through the group in the cross-roads store. Old man Bolivar tilted his chair back at a more reassuring angle, and clasped his hands about his knees in an easy attitude for listening. George Smith ceased the soft drawl which he had been droning into the ears of the storekeeper, and Pendarvis brought in his buggy-cushions and made himself comfortable on the cracker-box. But even these very obvious preparations did not awaken the story-telling mood as they should have done. A broad shaft of light from the large lamp suspended in the centre of the store streamed across the road and lost itself in the undergrowth beyond.

"Well, what about ole man Freeman?" asked George Smith at last in an exasperated way; and "ole man Bolivar" surreptitiously removed one of his large shoes and shook out of it a stone as large as a hazel-nut.

"Blame that thing!" he remarked in an undertone of distinct irritation; "I been a-thinkin' somethin' was in my shoe all day long!"

"Ole man Freeman, he's back on the ole place," the story-teller finally began; "an' that boy o' his'n, that Jim, he's in the little cabin on the Hi Watters place, that cabin where the gal'ry's done fell in."

"What made 'im move?" asked George Smith, whose weakness it was to try to help along with fatuous questions.

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"I been a-knowin' old man Freeman for nigh onto a real long time," pursued Mr. Teakwood meditatively; "an' it looks to me like he could do a mighty good job now if he could go back an' bring up his boys over again. It's a powerful pity, it seems like to me, that a man can't have but one chance to raise his children, an' if they don't seem to pan out right that time there ain't no more show for him. When they're raised they're raised, an' done with. If they was any rules for raisin' 'em, now, like two tums two is four, it would be diff'rent, but it ain't that way, not by a long shot. The most of us is experimentin' anyhow, like tryin' to raise a cotton crop. Once in a while it comes through all right; but sometimes they's too much rain an' the cotton all runs to weed; an' then again they ain't no rain at all an' a bumblebee could stand on the groun' on his hind legs an' pick the cotton outen the top bolls. An' I reckon it was a mighty bad year when ole man Freeman's boys begin to grow up."

"They was a plenty of 'em sech as they was," remarked old man Bolivar with quite unusual and unexpected candor.

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"The ole man had seven boys," Mr. Teakwood went on with a dry inward chuckle at some memory; "an' if the ole folks had a raised 'em right he could 'a' set back in his easy-cheer an' never done no more work as long as he lived. He did try the easy-cheer game, but it was everlastin'ly too late. Them boys had grew up to think that the airth was pretty much made so's they could have a good time an' nothin' to do."

"'Tain't ever'body knows how to raise boys," said old man Bolivar reflectively. "I tell ye, the way my father brung us up was a terror fer——"

"Well, the ole man's crop was bumblebee cotton, if ever they was any," pursued the narrator, ignoring the interruption. "They ain't one o' them seven boys that's worth killin' to-day, an' the ole man's workin' harder to-day than he did twenty-five year ago. But I reckon he thought Jim was goin' to be somethin'. 'Long las' winter, Jim begin to shine up to one o' them Forstall girls—the one with the turn-up nose—an' it would 'a' made anybody plum sick to have saw the way the ole man taken on.

"'I tell you, they's outcome to that boy o' mine, that Jim,' he says to me, rubbin' his hands together, pleased as pie. 'You wouldn't 'a' thought they was that much spunk in Jim, would ye?—an' there he is, sparkin' up to that girl, an' her gran'pa was a member o' the legislater!—an' shore as ye livin', Jim'll be in the legislater hisself some day, for he's got the nerve to try it.'"

"An' nerve's what gits there, when it comes to politics," said George Smith gloomily, with an irritable memory of the last disastrous campaign, in which he had "run" for the position of road overseer.

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"Well, it may take nerve to git a man into the legislater," replied the narrator cheerfully, "but all the nerve in the country don't git elected to the legislater, you hear me, sonny. They's lots of it is left over, an' ye can fin' it layin' aroun' loose wherever you may go.

"It 'pears like I come to know all about this Freeman business kinder accidental like. You see, 'long middlin' airly las' spring I got on ole Nance one day an' rode over to ole man Freeman's for to borrer his harrer. I was a-gittin' my garden ready, an' it was that grassy it was plum boun' for to be harrered. When I got over there, 'Squire Diggs an' some more men was jes' ridin' away, an' the ole man met me in the gal'ry lookin' like he'd been a-cryin', an' says he: 'I'm a-fixin' for a change, Lije,' says he. 'Jim's a-goin' to git married Sunday, an' me an' the ole woman is jes' deeded him this place, an' him an' his wife is a-goin' to take keer of us the balance of our days. You don't know how happy it makes me feel. I'm a-goin' to have me a big cheer an' set out here in the gal'ry where I kin watch the cows goin' to paster, an' Jim plowin' in the fur field, an' where the ole woman kin listen to Jim's wife potterin' roun' the house, you know, an' I kin kinder oversee an' tell him how to do things, for Jim don't know so pesky much about farmin'.'

"'You better hol' on to that deed till you die,' says I in a warnin' voice, 'an' let the takin' keer come first'; an' bless gracious, the ole man was so mad he come mighty nigh not lettin' me have the harrer.

"Well, shore enough, Jim he married, an' brung his wife home, an' got his deed safe an' soun', an' for a good while ever'thin' was as nice as pie. Jim's wife couldn't do enough for 'pa' an' 'ma,' an' you'd 'a' thought they was all a-slidin' down hill with all the wheels greased, things went so easy. Ever' time I passed there the ole man and ole woman 'ud be settin' up in the gal'ry in two big cheers, lookin' like they owned the earth an' a good-sized chunk of the moon. The ole man use' to snicker when he seen me comin', an' say: 'Well, Lije, I'm a-havin' a middlin' good time, ye see.'

"'Stid o' fadin' away an' dyin' as anybody'd 'a' thought they'd 'a' done, the ole man an' ole woman begin to pearten up an' git fat. When I went over there along in June for to take the harrer home, the old man said he b'lieved he was good for fifteen more years yet. Jim an' his wife heerd it, an' 'twan't long after that before Jim's wife begin to fix for settlin' the ole folkses' hash. She got awful mad because the ole man chawed terbaccer, an' she jes' couldn't stand it, nohow; an' she couldn't eat at the table with neither of 'em because they e't with their knives, an' she made 'em move into one o' them back shed rooms because their snorin' disturbed her; an' when, about a month ago, the ole woman got sick, she jest ripped an' she snorted, Jim's wife did, an' said they'd better hunt some other quarters, for she was plum tired o' waitin' on 'em.

"When the ole man heerd that, he natchally chimed in, an' 'twa'n't long before she was a-screamin' an' goin' into highstrikes, an' sayin' that she was insulted in her own house, an' other things like that. Jim, he heerd the row, an' he come a-tairin' in an' says, 'Dad, I can't stand this no longer. You 'n' ma'l hafter git out.' Awful backwoodsy feller, Jim was. Always seemed like he couldn't take no polish.

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"'Git out? We'll hafter git out, will we?' yells the ole man; an' before you could more'n wink he jumps onto Jim an' throws 'im down, an' recht up along the wall for the waggin whip that was hangin' up under the gun, 'lowin' to use the handle on Jim. The whip was outen reach, but he grabbed the tongs that was hangin' up at the end o' the chimbley board, an' he give that boy sech a larrupin' with them tongs as ain't never been heerd on in this part o' the moral heritage. He beat Jim, the ole man did, till he promised to deed the place back, an' then he set on 'im an' held 'im down while one o' the hands went for 'Squire Diggs an' some witnesses, an' one of 'em was me. The minute the deed was made the ole man says to Jim: 'Now bring the waggin 'roun', an' be quick about it, too, for you're goin' to light out to-night. The ole woman an' me's gittin' middlin' anxious to have the place to ourselves. Step lively, now.'

"An' Jim, he moved into that little cabin on the Hi Watters place."

"It 'pears to me like it was all the fault of Jim's wife," said old man Bolivar reflectively. "If a man once begins to allow his wife to boss, there ain't no help for him after that. Jim never had no sperrit, nohow."

"That's the way it strikes me," rejoined Mr. Teakwood meditatively. "These things is got to be done right in the first place, or you might as well let 'em alone. Women's queer critters, the best you can do with 'em, an' if you once let 'em git the upper hand they're a-goin' to keep it, you hear me. If it had 'a' been me that married that wife o' Jim's, I would 'a' stood up before her the very first day, an' says I, 'Now, Vangyleen'—that's the name she goes by, an' as fool a name as I ever hey saw—'Now, Vangyleen,' I'd 'a' said, 'I'm willin' to be accommydatin' on all occasions, but when I set my foot down, it's set, an' it ain't no use to try to make me go any other way. I'm the head o' thissher fam'ly, you kin depend on that. An' once they's a understandin' they won't be no trouble."

"HE GIVE THAT BOY A LARRUPIN' WITH THEM TONGS"

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Into the silence that fell as the soft drawl ceased, came the cry of the whippoorwill, sent back in softer echoes from the distant hills. Then a head was thrust into sight at the doorway, its sunburned countenance all one wide grin; and the boy accompanying the head suggested, as he came into full view:

"Pa, they was a-lookin' for you up at the house."

"Is that so?" cried the stern disciplinarian, rising with such celerity that he stepped on the cat. "I reckon I'd better be a-goin'. I'd 'a' gone before now if I'd 'a' knowed that Ellen was a-lookin' for me."

"I reckon I'd better be a-goin', too," said old man Bolivar, glancing apprehensively along the shadowy road. "I didn't let Mandy know where I was a-comin', an' she might be uneasy."

And a flood of musical laughter swept through the pines, and sent the trumpet flowers down in a crimson drift at the door.

FLOSS

How Her Wedding was Arranged

By W. H. HICKS

With Illustrations by Mathilde Weil

In Two Parts: Part II

JOHN HARKINS, trudging heavily home from the shop one Thursday, sick at heart because he remembered that it was the day on which his daughter was to have been married, was met—by chance, he supposed—and questioned in succession by three young men of the neighborhood. The first asked him whether he was not walking in the wrong direction. To this the old man, ever slow to suspicion, softly answered that he was going home. Two blocks farther on the second accosted him and ventured the hope that he would enjoy himself at the reception. John pondered deeply, returned no answer, and resumed his walk more slowly. He had begun to think. When the third waylaid him, as he was nearing home, and remarked that he was going in a very roundabout way to Deacon Jones' cottage, he wheeled about and strode swiftly along.

He had been feeling particularly strong and bright all day, and as he hurried along he felt a grim delight in his strength, for he knew that revolt was afoot and that he would need all his powers to cope with it.

Quick and long strides soon brought him within sight of the cottage, whose aspect banished the lingering hope that his suspicions might prove baseless. Every window was ablaze with light, and an awning—the first ever seen in Mountaintop—stretched from the front door to the curbstone. Within a hundred feet of the cottage the babble of its merriment reached him.

The joyful din that smote so sharply upon John Harkins' ear and so heavily upon his heart might well have been heard half a block away, for the Deacon's cottage was crowded with happy people. And such a pretty home! Furnished from top to bottom, it was a five-room fairyland, and the joyous faces of those who moved from room to room laughing merrily showed that the fairies were very well pleased with their work.

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Somehow, sundry active members of the good minister's congregation had learned of John Harkins' obduracy and the young couple's dilemma, and had put their heads together and decided that their pastor's promise to perform the marriage ceremony must be kept. So the whole congregation had gone to work plotting and planning how best to bend or break the obstinate parent's will. They had full faith in their pastor's doctrinal resources; at the same time they had made such other preparations as would bring the old man to repentance of his rash vow.

Their general plan had been to so beautify the young couple's home that, seeing it, the old man would be won over at once. Failing in this, they had planned a masterstroke, and as the old time-keeper was approaching the cottage the finishing touches to its preparation were in progress.

In the bedroom of the bride-to-be—or not-to-be—Mrs. Jones and half a dozen of the young women of the congregation were fluttering about. Mrs. Jones held in her right hand a tintype of a bridal couple—a gigantic young man of thirty or so, dark and black-bearded, and a little sixteen-year-old girl wearing a satin dress and a veil, with roses in her hair. And Floss, who was seventeen years old, had a satin dress on of a style that her younger attendants had never seen before, and a veil; and the Deacon's wife was putting roses in her hair—dressed in the style of thirty years before—and glancing up from the tintype to the girl as she did so. When the last rose was in place and the Deacon's wife and the young women had taken a final look at the bride and the picture, they had but one verdict to render:

"The—perfect—image!"

When John Harkins strode unbidden into the cottage he had no eye for the pretty sight spread before him. Just then the æsthetic part of his nature was in total eclipse; all that he saw was a throng of people leagued in conspiracy against his paternal authority, and in the midst of them a tall, slight, white-haired man, his grave face softened and brightened by his sympathy with the happy surroundings. Him John Harkins selected as the arch conspirator, and him he faced, white with a rage that could not at once find expression.

Men who have been quick to strike in early life will in later years lift the hand, though not intending violence, and John Harkins' huge fist was being raised in emphasis of the impending storm, when lithe fingers, warm and soft, but sturdy, grasped it, opened it by surprise and held it in a cordial embrace.

John looked at the minister with undisguised contempt, and brought the full power of his mighty wrist to bear in an attempt to wrench his hand free; but the other wrist, to his wonder, presented an adequate resistance. The velvety fingers clung with the tenacity of steel bands. There was no release from that brotherly grasp.

John had met and vanquished many grips in his day, but he had not become acquainted with the Methodist-preacher grip till then. Its quality aroused first his astonishment, then his admiration, and his face was revealing both when the minister, beaming and bestowing a final pressure upon the imprisoned hand, said, with the utmost heartiness:

"Brother Harkins, I am very glad to meet you. Won't you take a seat?"

The boldness of the greeting averted the impending storm of words, but the old man's face was still ashen with anger as he demanded most sternly and peremptorily:

"Have you done it yet?"

"Not yet," the minister answered cheerily, but, glancing at the pretty clock on the mantelpiece, "I am going to in about eight minutes."

"Eight years, you mean," said John Harkins.

"Eight years would be a long time for all this to wait," the minister replied, waving his hand around the room.

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"Would you come between a man and his child?" asked John Harkins.

"Would you come between a woman and her husband?" retorted the minister.

The shot struck home, and while the old man wavered, the minister told him of how the church people had conspired only for his child's happiness, how they had beautified her home—his, too, if he chose—in the hope that his heart would soften. Then he asked John to look around him and see if the people, as well as the work they had done, were not good to look upon.

John Harkins was touched. His face flushed with pleasure at the thought that all he saw had been done for the child that was so dear to him. He felt in duty bound to say something, and when he spoke his voice was shaky.

"It's good of you all, very good," he said. "I don't know much about church people, not as much as I did once. Maybe they are different now; they must be, because I feel, I know, that you are good—you and your people. I thank you all. You meant kindly, an' I thank you, but—I may as well say it now as later—this weddin' can't come off. There's a reason—a sort of church reason, too—and, and it is——"

Just then the master-stroke was put in execution. The church people suddenly opened a passage, revealing at its farther end a little, cowering, veiled figure in white—the face whitest of all—with roses in her hair.

The old man's quick eye caught the movement and glanced up the opening aisle. His ear caught a buzz of admiration, and when the form of his child in her wedding dress—the same that her mother had worn—was revealed to him, it seemed to those who watched him as if a score of years fell from him, for his face beamed instantly with a radiance of youthful love, and pride, and joy.

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Greatly delighted were they at this early promise of their plan's success, but much they wondered—feared, even—when the old man, all ashake, tried to move forward, but could not, then stretched out his arms toward the child and cried:

"Mildred! Come! Come to me, Mildred!"

Floss, frightened, ran up to her father, placed her arms about him and said:

"It's me—Floss. Kiss me, dad!"

The old man looked at her, dazed, but kissed her. Then glancing from the child in his arms to the place where she had been, he stood bewildered and said piteously:

"Yes, this is Floss. But my wife—my bride—Mildred? Where is she? She stood right there. I saw her standing right there."

His eyes fell again upon the child and he came back partially from the past.

"Was it only the child? Only the child?" he asked in pitiful tones. "I—I thought it was my wife—Mildred—my pretty bride. She came back to me. I thought she did. It was just the same—the same face—same hair—same flowers—dress—veil. It was like real. I know now it was only Floss; but, oh, my good friends, just then it was really, yes, really, Mildred, my darling Mildred, my wife, my wife——"

He buried his face in his hands and suffered them to lead him to a seat, where he remained for a minute, sobbing; then he lifted his eyes, and in a weak voice called:

"Floss!"

A flash of white, and the girl was curled up in his arms with her face nestled between his breast and beard.

Floss spoke first, saying pleadingly:

"Dad, forgive me."

"No, no, Floss," said the old man, sitting erect, "the wrong is mine. Forgive me. These people—that preacher—are better than I thought. I'm glad you're in with them. Go and get married, girl. I'll stay right here and neither help nor hinder."

"But, dad, the blessing?"

"That wouldn't help you."

"Oh, dad, remember: 'It's a poor wedding that hasn't a father's blessing.'"

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The old man's words, brought home thus, stung him like the poisoned sting of a serpent. They wrought him up to where speech was a necessary relief to his pent-up emotions.

"It's just this way, good people," he said: "When I was in California, along in the airly fifties, I had for my partner Bill Starbottle, as square a man as ever staked a claim, but in one thing, maybe, just a little weak. I'm yieldin' now, myself—weak an' yieldin'—but I was very sot then, an' Bill used to say that I gave him strength. Maybe I did, too. I hope I did. No matter. But this Bill had a bindin' oath, an' when he took that oath there was no more movin' him than one of the everlastin' hills. Bill's dead now, many a year, an' it won't hurt him nor shame me if I tell that one day he took his bindin' oath on the forty-ninth chapter of Ezekiel that he wouldn't touch no liquor for a whole year. Not a drop.

"Keep it? Well! Why, Bill took sick durin' the year, an' when he felt the fever was makin' him helpless he made me swear not to give him liquor, even though he should die for the want of it. Yes; Bill died. The climate killed him soon after the year was up. And now you see, when all my gals but this one left me, I took Bill Starbottle's oath, fair an' square, on that forty-ninth chapter of Ezekiel that he swore off on, that no blessin' of mine should this one have if she married before she was five-and-twenty, and if there's any one of you—preacher, deacon or plain church-member—that can show me a straight way out of the fix I'm in, an' the gal an' the young feller, I just want to hear it. I'm willin' to give in."

The minister opened a well-worn volume which had been lying on the table, gave it to the old man and bade him point out the exact passage on which the binding oath had been taken.

John Harkins, whose effort of speech had brought him composure, laid the book reverently upon his knee, adjusted his spectacles carefully, and looked earnestly at the open pages. His face flushed suddenly and he laughed most comfortably as he returned the book to the minister, saying:

"There seems to be only forty-eight chapters in Ezekiel."

"That is all," answered the minister.

"There ain't no forty-ninth chapter of Ezekiel at all?"

"Not a bit of it."

"But isn't an oath an oath," the old man said sharply, darting a look at the minister that would have routed a younger deputant.

"An oath that is taken upon nothing?" the minister adroitly retorted.

Then began within the old man's breast a struggle that was to decide the young couple's fate. In his heart he knew that the vow was binding; in his heart of hearts he knew only that his darling child and her lover was watching him with wistful eyes, and that his next words were to bring them lasting happiness or lasting separation.

He rose to his feet and made a final attempt to shift the responsibility.

"These things is in your line, preacher, and not in mine," he said. "If you're satisfied the oath isn't bindin', go ahead."

"With your blessing?" queried the astute theological fencer.

The old man beckoned the boy and girl to him, took their hands lovingly in his, joined them together and said:

"Take the girl, James, and may God bless you, as I do. May you both be happy!"

"MRS. JONES HELD IN HER HAND A TINTYPE OF A BRIDAL COUPLE"

In a wild cheer the company found relief from the tension of the previous few minutes, and the hubbub ended only when the old man waved his hand for silence.

"I'm no talker, good people," he began. "I never was, but I want no misunderstandin' about this. I'm givin' up poorly—very poorly. I'm weak and yieldin'—weaker an' yieldin'er to-day than ever before. No, no; I am. I know it, but——"—here the glorious form of the old engineer seemed to double in height as it rose towering above all present—"but I want you all to understand there was a time when I was—a—very—sot—man. I hope you understand."

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The cheer that greeted this seemed to please the old man, who turned quietly to the minister and said, in a low voice:

"If you take my advice you'll get through this business in the best time you ever made. This old conscience of mine'll hold down just about five minutes longer, an' if it ain't all over by then there'll be the biggest crowd of disappointed young people an' old people that was ever invited to a weddin'."

The minister bustled about; so did the bride and bridegroom, and the best man and the bridesmaids. The bridegroom got out the ring, and when the minister's benediction crowned the ceremony the engineer's conscience was at least a minute behind.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Thirteenth Chapter

"Can you call at once to see us in regard to the manuscript in the possession of Wellington & Clegg? Yours truly,

"KING & BURTON."

THAT was the message Wilmot received just after he had breakfasted the following morning. He had started to work on his short story, but throwing the foolscap aside, he put on his hat, hurriedly left the house and caught a car.

In the salesroom below the editorial office Wilmot met Lester.

"I suppose you're going up to Mr. Soul's office," he remarked. "I can't imagine what he wants with you. He asked me for your address late yesterday afternoon. He's here now, so you'd better go up at once."

Richard Soul smiled genially, and pushed a chair near his desk, as Wilmot entered.

"Glad to see you so promptly; sit down and have a smoke," he said, pushing a box of cigars toward his visitor.

Wilmot declined. He wondered why the manager was so very cordial and smiling. For a moment neither spoke. Mr. Soul lighted a match, watching the flame grow round and white in the palm of his hand, and then he began to smoke.

"What luck have you had, Mr. Lee, with Wellington & Clegg?" he asked.

"None at all; I haven't seen them since I talked with you."

"Why?" The word cut a round hole in the smoke about the manager's face.

"I didn't think it would do any good to disturb them further. Wellington said he could do nothing for me. Besides, he hopes that they may make a settlement of some sort and resume publication; in that case they might use the book."

"Would you rather have us bring it out?"

"Yes, decidedly; I had no idea till I got to New York that they had such a small concern, nor did I know how big your business was."

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Richard Soul smiled.

"We have really the largest house on this side of the water, and an important branch in London. We can do more in introducing a new writer than any three houses in America."

"I can easily believe it," replied Wilmot, still studying the face of the manager.

Mr. Soul seemed to have an appreciation for dramatic situations. He fixed Wilmot's face with a deep, studious gaze and said:

"I suppose you could not easily get possession of that manuscript, but if you had the story and offered it to me I should pass on it without looking at it."

Wilmot's heart sank. It seemed to him that the smile of the manager was mocking him. He pulled himself together and tried to speak in an off-hand way.

"You mean that you would refuse it?"

"I mean that I would accept it."

Wilmot stared. Could it be possible that Mr. Soul was jesting with him?

"You would accept it without even giving it a reading?" he asked incredulously.

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Mr. Soul rang his bell, and as a freckle-faced little office-boy entered he gave him some letters to post.

"Yes; I would take it without reading it," he said, after the boy had gone. Silence fell for a moment; hundreds of thoughts were battling in the brain of the young author. Things surely seemed coming his way. Mr. Soul sat smiling in a self-satisfied way.

"I really don't understand, Mr. Soul," Wilmot said presently.

"I knew you wouldn't," answered the manager, breaking into a laugh. "Buying unseen isn't our specialty. Something has happened in regard to your story in the shape of a rare coincidence. I'll tell you about it. Five minutes after you left yesterday, a man called. 'He sat in the chair you are in now. He was one of our best readers. At odd times he reads manuscripts for other houses. He had been reading regularly for Wellington & Clegg, but never acknowledged it till they failed. We were talking about their editorial judgment yesterday, and of his own accord he spoke of having read a Southern novel for them which was one of the finest stories he had seen for years. I asked him who the author was, and he gave your name. He thinks the book will undoubtedly make a hit. Of course, I did not tell him you had come to me. But I want to say, if you can possibly get hold of your property, that we want to bring it out. If we handle it, we'll put you before the public in a number of ways, beginning with a big edition."

"But how can I get the manuscript? It seems to me as difficult as to get a safe out of the ruins of a fire. Can you think of any way by which I could get it?"

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"I cannot. This reader says Wellington is a good-hearted fellow, but Clegg is as mean as men are made. They intend to make some sort of compromise with their creditors, and resume business, taking their time about using accepted manuscript. If they go ahead, the law would probably hold you to your contract, and I am sorry to say it looks as if they are going to resume. You made a great mistake in offering it to such an unreliable house. As far as we are concerned, we don't take up any but promising people. There are a dozen widely read authors in this country whose names would never appear on our catalogues if they offered their books for nothing. We avoid sensations. We once accepted a good book by a young woman from the West, and just before publication she raised a big sensation by going on the stage, and getting mixed up in several affairs, and we returned her manuscript. We don't depend on that sort of thing to circulate our books, and it would not be just to our authors to list them with such people."

"I think you're right," said Wilmot, "and I'm sorry I cannot turn my manuscript over to you."

The manager held out his hand.

"I wish we could handle your book," he said, "and if by any accident you should get it from those people, bring it around."

The rest of that morning Wilmot spent roaming about the streets. In his wanderings, he found himself in front of Wellington & Clegg's. The door was closed, and on it was nailed a prominent notice which read:

"Positively no admittance to any one."

In his mood it suggested the motto Dante claims appears on the entrance of the infernal regions. He had really little hope of entering this door. The door opened, however, and the laborer who had entered with Wilmot the day before came out smiling.

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"You can't see anybody to-day," he said cordially. "They'd cuss you black and blue. Mr. Clegg is up there in charge in a red-hot mood. He threatened to kick an author downstairs just now for beggin' for his book. Was it about a book you wanted to see 'em?"

"Yes."

"Well, just take a tip from me and don't bother 'em. I heard a young author tell Mr. Clegg he'd be satisfied to have 'em publish his novel any time in the next two years."

Wilmot thanked the man and went back to his room, took up his pen, and tried to work, but he could think of nothing but the opportunity he was losing. It was past luncheon time, but he had no appetite. Then Frank Harrison rapped on the door, and came in smiling cheerfully.

"Have you seen Chester?" he asked.

"Not since yesterday," replied Wilmot.

Harrison lighted his pipe.

"I can't make the fellow out," he said tentatively. "He walked about his room till after three o'clock last night. He's not at all like he used to be. You've known him so long, I thought you might be able to explain. Do you know of any business trouble he has in the South?"

Harrison shrugged his shoulders, and smiled significantly.

"I do not," answered Wilmot. "Perhaps he's upset by overwork."

"He is doing absolutely nothing in the way of outside work. I've heard of half a dozen good orders he let pass him. The editor of The Columbian was asking me about him yesterday. Chester promised to do some editorial work for him two months ago, and has forgotten all about it, or intentionally ignored it. Have you been to lunch?" he broke off suddenly. "Come with me to the club. I'll introduce you to some good fellows. Lester goes there sometimes, and Soul, too."

"I'm sorry," replied Wilmot, "but really I can't join you. I've an engagement later, and—and must work beforehand."

"Well, don't overdo it," smiled the poet, as he left the room. "Take it easy."

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Fourteenth Chapter

"WHAT can be the matter?" Mrs. Sennett asked Wilmot that afternoon, as he entered her drawing-room. "You look pale, and completely fagged out. You needn't deny it; you are worrying over that manuscript."

"I don't dispute it; I must plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the court," he replied. Then after a little he told her of his message from King & Burton, and related his conversation with Mr. Soul.

"So you really would like to get the manuscript?" the woman said, her eyes twinkling. Had he been able to read her face he would have seen that she was enjoying in anticipation the effect of some secret she was about to divulge. But Wilmot was so wrapped up in his own misery that he saw nothing of her expression.

"Wouldn't I? I could at once place it with King & Burton if I only had it."

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"And would they fully satisfy you as publishers?"

"They'd be my choice out of all New York. I'd feel perfectly safe with them."

Mrs. Sennett leaned nearer to him. She seemed to grow more and more excited over something.

"I wonder if you'd scold me if you discovered that I had been meddling in your affairs," she inquired.

"I'd be only too glad to know you were interested in them at all," he said, now studying her face and wondering what she was hinting at. She looked straight into his eyes, while her own were sparkling.

"You remember," said she, "that you told me how anxious you were to recover the manuscript. Well, I knew it was no business of mine, and that you might not like it, but I couldn't rest until I had seen Mr. Wellington myself. So the first thing this morning, I put on my prettiest gown and drove down there in my carriage."

"What! you really went——"

"Don't interrupt me," she broke in. "I know you are going to scold me for being so bold and presumptuous, but after thinking it all over I couldn't help it. You see, my dear friend, I knew that men will treat a woman with far more consideration than they will a man. I sent up for Mr. Wellington. I knew him slightly, and I felt I knew how to handle him. A man will go to a woman in her carriage when he won't go to her anywhere else. Ordinarily he feels he has a right to retreat or hide, but he'll never fail to go to a well-dressed woman in her own brougham. I have not studied the gems homo all these years for nothing.

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"Well, he came down, ink-stained, careworn, and not quite up to par in his dress. At first he wouldn't give me the slightest encouragement. He said his hands and feet were tied. I told him that hands so slender and well-shaped as his could easily slip through any bonds, and that he was strong enough to break loose anyway. This was pretty direct, but I sized him up and knew he could stand it. He shook his head, but I saw he liked what I had said about his hands, for he kept running them through his hair and looking at them. I had planned to get there about lunch time, and I asked him to drive with me to Delmonico's. He consented at last on the promise that he could get back to the office in an hour or so. The drive in the fresh air seemed to do him good. He kept looking at me. I could not help smiling, for the old fellow really thought I was indiscreet. At the table, when he caught sight of what I ordered to eat, he warmed up and returned of his own accord to the battle-field.

"'That young man has a promising outlook, Mrs. Sennett,' he said.

"'If we can keep life in him,' I answered.

"'Isn't he well?' Wellington asked, too much under the spell of the dinner to follow me closely.

"'Not ill in a physical sense,' I replied. 'But we'll never get much out of him if his best work is buried in the debris of other men's ventures.'

"'That's a fact, Mrs. Sennett,' he replied sheepishly, as if he had no right to disagree with me and eat my dinners. 'I am willing to release my claim to the book, particularly if you desire it, but the deputy sheriff is in charge, and then Clegg would never give his consent—you see, we hope to resume, and that book would help us. I am sorry for Lee; he looks worried. The truth is, it all depends on the deputy sheriff.'

"'Is this deputy sheriff a man who is fond of good dinners?' I asked, hoping to get some suggestion that would help me in formulating my campaign.

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"'He has a jealous wife who watches him like a hawk,' said Wellington, 'but I'll give you a suggestion, Mrs. Sennett,' he went on, attacking the *pâte de foie gras* as if he had not dined in a week. 'I really believe he is a man who would not despise a tip—that is, if he could serve a lady in any way. Now, if you would see him and tell him I am willing to let you have the manuscript, he might really——'

"'I understand,' I replied; and then I changed the subject. We spent an hour at the table, and when we rose it was half-past two. Then I asked for the deputy sheriff's address. He gave it to me, and I drove down to the City Hall as fast as I could.

"The deputy sheriff was not in, but his assistant was, and I lost no time in making him an offer, telling him I wanted the matter settled without delay. He went into the next room, and I heard him telephoning to some one. Then he came back to me and said that the deputy sheriff was up at Wellington & Clegg's, and that if I would call to-morrow I should have the manuscript. The plan did not suit me. I knew you were coming to see me this afternoon, and I did not wish you to spend another restless night.

"'I want the matter attended to now,' I said firmly. 'Can't you give me a written order for it?'

"He seemed to approve of my suggestion, but after he had written a note, and carefully sealed it with wax, he held it hesitatingly.

"'Can't you call here to-morrow, or tell me where to send the manuscript?'

"'I want it this afternoon or not at all,' I replied positively, and I took out my purse.

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"'I'll bring the manuscript to any address you name within an hour from now,' he said eagerly. 'I'll go up to Wellington & Clegg's after it at once.'

"'My carriage is at the door; can't I drive you there?' I asked.

"'With pleasure,' he answered as if relieved, and we rode up Broadway."

Wilmot stared at her breathlessly.

"Did you get it?" he asked anxiously.

Mrs. Sennett rose and brought a package from her desk.

"I waited outside while he went into the office of Wellington & Clegg. Here it is, every page of it, and the contract you signed. I thought they might give you trouble, so I refused to reward him till he had secured the contract. He said Mr. Wellington gave it to him, so I suppose it's all right."

"'TRY A CUP OF TEA,' SAID MRS. SENNETT: 'IT WILL REST YOU'"

Wilmot opened the parcel and ran through the type-written sheets. "Oh, Mrs. Sennett! It is all right," he said. "You have helped me more than words can tell; how can I express my gratitude?"

"I'm glad to see you so happy over it. Your inability to say anything expresses all I need."

"For the kindness and interest which prompted your act you have my most heartfelt thanks, but there is one part of your work as a member of the Society for the Salvation of Authors in Distress that you must permit me to arrange."

"And what might this matter be that weighs so heavily on your conscience?"

"You must tell me how much—of course I want to pay for——"

"If you begin to talk that way we shall quarrel," interrupted Mrs. Sennett. "I did it for my own amusement; it was pure selfishness on my part, for I would not have missed the excitement of it for any amount."

"But, I will——"

"Please don't say any more about it," broke in Mrs. Sennett, "or I shall feel uncomfortable. It is really not worth mentioning. A publisher at bay, a ride up Broadway with a deputy sheriff, the recovery of the sacred manuscript, the happiness of an author—all in one day! Why, I bought the pleasure and the excitement cheap indeed. It appeals to my bargain-loving instinct. Don't weaken my interest in the little comedy in four acts by being so conventional as to talk of money. Be sensible; try a cup of this tea. It will rest you."

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Fifteenth Chapter

"YOU'RE a very lucky man," said Chester one night about a week later, as they left the little French café where they usually dined and turned into Broadway. "Your ups and downs would make a good story. Now that King & Burton have taken you up, there's absolutely nothing to hinder you from becoming famous. They give Harrison all he can do in their paper, and are bringing out his books as fast as he can write them."

"But I must really get at something right away," answered Wilmot, his eyes on the glare of the lights of Madison Square ahead of them. "You see, I can't expect to draw anything from my book till it has been out three months at the very least, and it'll be six weeks before it's published."

"Have you done nothing lately?" asked Chester. As he spoke Wilmot saw, not for the first time, a strange, wearied expression cross his face. It was as if Chester were asking questions and not listening to the answers.

"I've written only one short story. I sent it to The Decade, hoping that the editor would recall that unfortunate blunder of mine and at least give it a reading."

"Have you heard from it yet?"

"I only posted it yesterday."

"Probably you may get in there. The editor's bound to respect you for your honesty in returning that check."

They entered one of the walks in Madison Square and sat down near the fountain. The night was warm and the spray cooled the air. For a moment neither spoke. Chester was looking down at the pavement. Suddenly he raised his eyes and began awkwardly:

"I'm awfully sorry I've had to leave you to yourself so much lately, but I have been worried over my work a good deal—can't seem to get into it, you know."

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Wilmot, fired with a sudden determination, looked straight into his eyes.

"Old man," he said, "I'm afraid you're in trouble, and if you are I want to help you. We used to confide in each other; can't we go on doing it?"

Chester stared at Wilmot in astonishment, and broke into an insincere laugh.

"Oh, I'm all right!" he said.

"I believe you're in trouble," replied Wilmot simply.

Chester's glance fell to the pavement again. There was another pause in the conversation. The sound of drums, cornet and tambourines, the clanging of cymbals, and a chorus of human voices came from the direction of Broadway. It was the Salvation Army. Chester looked up.

"There's no use lying to you, Lee," he said. "I'm in a lot of trouble. I don't mind telling you, for I always did trust you. Besides, I want to put a straight question to you. Do you believe that a man can be perfectly sound mentally and yet be able to realize that a certain course of his is leading him into absolute insanity?"

"I believe," answered Wilmot, "that a man can become insane on almost any subject if he sticks to it in a morbid frame of mind to the exclusion of everything else."

"But what should he do?" questioned Chester, "if he gradually grows into that state of mind till it becomes so much a part of himself that he can no more throw it off than he can believe he doesn't exist?"

"I don't quite follow you."

"I'll have to diagnose my case carefully," replied Chester. "I'll go back to childhood. I was born with an abnormal imagination. For example: I used to wake at dawn and see people standing round my bed. They were always dead people. The first time I had this experience I screamed out and roused the whole family. But when I told what I had seen, they all laughed at me and returned to their beds. They teased me about my fright a great deal, and I became very sensitive on the subject. The next time I awoke at dawn and saw the strange sight I lay still and studied the visions till the sun rose and they vanished. That, I think, had something to do with the formation of my character.

"As I grew up," Chester continued, "my life became unreal. I lived in a sort of dreamland, and when I had to come down to the realities of existence they jarred on me. Later on I got into an unpleasantly romantic mood—falling in love with women, or thinking I was in love with them. Then I always had an ideal; sometimes she was younger, sometimes older than myself.

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"This intellectual love absorbed me. I lived in an unreal world. I was absolutely unconscious that I was injuring myself by this course. It was a fact that the objects of my spasmodic admiration never gave me a thought after I had dismissed them from my mind. The habit followed me into mature manhood, and then I began to write fiction.

"A change came over me. I no longer fancied people in real life, but began to feel the same unsettled passion for the characters in my writings. I was like a pagan who falls in love with a god he has himself created. Even then I did not suspect that I had become an abnormal human being, but I had. I discovered my peril in this way: I went, on the advice of a physician, to Europe, and as he had forbidden me to write during my trip abroad, I suddenly found myself forgetting the last ideal I had created, and feeling a longing for another. It is all so strange I can hardly hope you will understand it. I assure you I had become as much a slave to this habit as an opium-eater to his drug. I found myself the most miserable man alive, and fast beginning to believe I was on the direct road to madness. I traveled through England, France, Germany, and Italy, also, leading the most lonely existence imaginable.

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"In the British Museum reading-room, in London, where I often went to try to break myself of the habit of constant and brooding introspection, I met a profound scholar—a student of psychical phenomena, Prof. Heber Berkley. I liked him and made a point of meeting him often. Every day I made up my mind I would confide in him, but my courage always failed me when we met. But one day he seemed to treat me rather coldly, and I rose to leave, begging his pardon for intruding upon him. Then his face softened and he detained me.

"'I have been a little vexed with you,' he said, laying his hand on my arm, 'because you do not trust me wholly. You have wanted to ask my advice for a long time. Why not speak to me frankly?'

"'How did you know that?' I asked.

"'I have made a study of telepathy and hypnotism,' he replied. 'Can I help you.'

"Then I told him my story. I gave him a thorough history of my mental life. I told him my ideal was so high, and my consciousness of my own incongruity with it was so keen, that I had become morbid over the subject. As I talked, his face lighted up with enthusiasm, and he led me on by asking hundreds of questions. Then he told me that I was the most interesting psychic subject he had ever met; that I had been going wrong from my childhood, and that if I did not turn about and begin a careful system of reformation I'd be a lunatic in five years. He advised me to leave women out of my stories—at least, those of the sentimentally ideal sort—and never to take interest in any woman I did not intend to make my wife. He said it would require years to bring me back from the mental fog into which I was running, the morbid introspection into which I had fallen, but that if I wanted to I could become as rational as any one—a mentally sound, happy, useful man.

"Well, I took his advice, and within a month I had found peace of mind and comparative happiness. I came back to America feeling like a new man. Now, here is the crisis, and the cause of it. About eight months ago Weyland's daughter came home from school. At first I looked upon her as a child, and liked her for her father's sake."

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"To make a long story short," said Wilmot, "you tumbled heels over head into genuine love. Am I right?"

"I can't exactly answer that question," answered Chester in a trembling voice, which he strove to steady as he proceeded. "I'm afraid my disease has gone further than my wise friend was aware. I fear that the strange mental life through which I've gone has deprived me of the power of deciding between a fancied desire and a real one. You've heard of the artist who could stamp the image of a man on his brain and then imagine the man posing for him till his features were transferred to the canvas. The artist practiced this till he began to ask his friends if this or that face, which he saw before him, was real or fancied, and then he was mad. Lee, I long to marry this—this girl as I never longed for anything in my life, and yet at times I am unable to tell if the feeling I have for her is real or fancied. That's what's the matter with me. I have been carrying on a struggle in my mind and heart that has almost deprived me of reason. When I see her, hear her sweet voice and look into her eyes, I've no fears, but when I'm away from her, even for an hour, her image fades and I can't recall it."

"At those times do you care for her?"

"I don't know; and yet I think I must, or I should not suffer as I do."

"What does your psychological friend, Professor Berkley, advise?"

"I have written to him a dozen times and haven't heard a word. He may be dead."

"And the girl?" asked Wilmot, his blood rising as he thought of Muriel Fairchild, "how does she feel toward you?"

"I'm afraid she cares for me."

Wilmot flushed. "Then you're acting in a shameful manner not to let that inexperienced child alone."

"She won't let me. I've proposed it, but she runs wild at the thought. The truth is, she suspects I have some sort of secret trouble, and that has made her care more for me. She could never understand it, and it would only shock her to explain. Besides, she's convinced that I love her. I haven't been able to hide my feelings."

"Then you ought to marry her," answered Wilmot positively.

Chester was silent for a moment, then he said, in a tone of great impressiveness:

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"Lee, believing that she's the one woman on earth for me, I have tried to propose it twenty times, but my courage has always failed. I've what Ibsen calls a 'sickly conscience.' Men of robust consciences could plunge into that sort of thing, but I can't make up my mind to experiment on her. She deserves the whole soul of a good man, not the wreck of a heart like mine, that might turn against her as soon as the law has bound us together. They say it's getting common nowadays for people to fear that the marriage tie will destroy ideal love. That fear's developed to a dangerous degree in me, Lee. I can neither leave her nor marry her! At moments I swear I'll go to her and beg her to have mercy on me, but when I think of the difference in our ages, and that she may learn to despise me, I can't go—I just can't."

"What does her father say?" asked Wilmot. His indignation had gone; he was now conscious of nothing but profound pity for his friend, and a desire to help him.

"I haven't spoken to Weyland. She begged me not to do so. Lee, tell me what to do; I'm like a child in your hands."

"I don't know what to say," replied Wilmot gently. "But I'm sure that much of the trouble is caused by nervousness. Your work has pulled you down, and you have allowed yourself to brood over the past till you are entirely upset. You are too despondent. You are not too old for her. It seems to me that you ought to get away from Miss Weyland for a while, till you're positive that you know your own mind, and then act one way or the other and be done with it."

"I can't leave her. Harrison loves her, and has told me frankly that he's trying to get her."

"And you think he might succeed?"

"Weyland likes him, and Harrison's a man any woman could be proud of."

"But do you think he could win her from you in a few months? If so——"

"Lee, I've known women to give up men they really loved simply to marry others on the advice of their friends. God knows I've given her sufficient reason to let me go!"

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"That's a fact," replied Wilmot, and there the conversation paused. The Salvation Army troopers had stopped on the street corner, and were singing hymns.

"For the love of mercy, think of something," said Chester suddenly.

The hymns had touched a chord in Wilmot's breast.

"I think I can help you, if you'll follow my instructions," he said calmly.

"I'll do anything. Try me."

"Do you see that band of workers of the Salvation Army there? Their religion is practical love expressing itself in action. They are thinking of what they can do for the world instead of what they can get from the world. They are unselfish; you are profoundly selfish. Take a lesson from them. Don't waste your love in morbid introspection. Let it minister to the happiness of the woman you claim to love. Never again," said Wilmot, "never again think whether you will or will not love her, but make up your mind that, no matter what happens, you'll do everything possible for her comfort, happiness and pleasure. Regard it as a line of conduct you have chosen to atone for your past life. With that aim constantly before you, you'll succeed.

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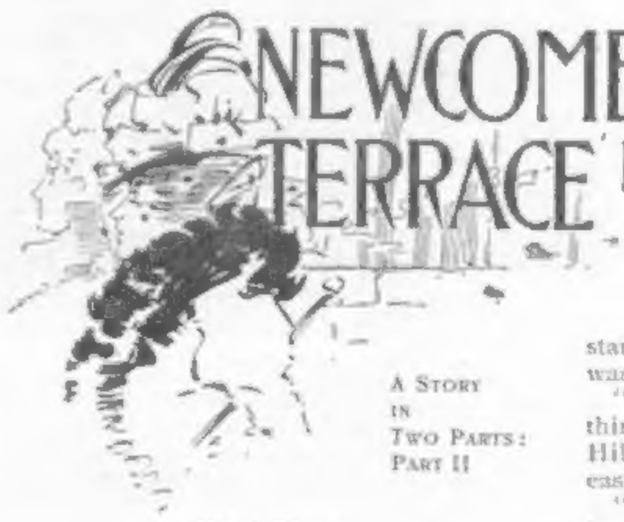
"You've been chasing an ideal so long that you look upon love almost as something supernatural—something outside of yourself, something which is to come to you and change your life as if by magic. Providence has so arranged it that no human being can persistently work for the well-being of another without attaining peace of mind and happiness. I believe you would make Miss Weyland a good husband, or I wouldn't say this, Chester—believe me."

Chester rose quickly to his feet and laid his hand on Wilmot's arm.

"You've given me more hope than I've had for months. I can do what you say—and I believe that I can make her happy. Already I feel better. Oh, I'm glad you came to New York, old man—very glad."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



NEWCOMERS AT THE TERRACE

PEOPLE NOT IN OUR SET

BY MARY KERNAHAN

WITH DRAWINGS BY SARA CROSBY

A STORY IN TWO PARTS: PART II

Third Chapter

WEEKS had passed away, and Hetty had grown quite familiar with the pretty little house in Revelstone Terrace, and looked forward to every hour spent there with fresh pleasure. The cordial welcome, the happy shouts and little pattering feet of the children, as they rushed to the door when they saw her coming, to welcome "Auntie Hetty," the tranquil home atmosphere, the sense of peace and rest—for, though Angela and Will Lomax were only imperfect mortals, like the rest of us, they loved and had faith in each other—all came back to Hetty's mind, with a quiet sense of new-found happiness, every time she opened her eyes in the morning.

But everybody liked Hetty, and many a pleasant evening she spent at Revelstone Terrace when Angela had some little hospitality "on." And now the days had crept on to Christmas Eve, and Hetty, in her bare room at the top of the house, was dressing for a children's party at that festive domicil.

She did not tell her step-mother, of course, that it was to be a children's party. Questions would have been asked about the children invited, and the whole of Hetty's little secret would have come out—a secret she guarded more and more jealously each week, dreading nothing so much now as its discovery.

Hetty was patronizingly supposed to be dressing to "spend the evening" with Mrs. Lomax at Revelstone Terrace.

Mrs. Dalton looked up as Hetty came into the drawing-room to warm her hands before starting—the room at the top of the house was bitterly cold.

"Going to those people again? I should think they must be tired of seeing you," Hilda remarked, rather disagreeably; the east wind had not improved her temper.

"As long as she isn't brought here Hetty is welcome to spend every evening there, if she wants to," rejoined Georgie. "Now that I am engaged to Fred Merritt"—the great event had taken place two days before—"we can't be too particular. I don't know, now, what might happen if they thought we had friends in Revelstone Terrace or any such place. Under no circumstances whatever, Hetty, are you ever to introduce those persons to us—no, not if we meet them face to face at a bazaar. They may be your friends, but they are not mine. Understand that."

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"I will never introduce you to them under any circumstances," said Hetty, with a sparkle in her eyes Georgiana took for anger wholly.

"It is exactly as I expected; nobody knows them. We have never met them once—not even once anywhere, at anybody's," said Mrs. Dalton.

"No," Hetty rejoined quietly. "I think I'll go now."

"Don't make acquaintance with other people in Revelstone Terrace—if the neighbors call on them," added Georgie in sudden alarm, as Hetty turned the handle of the door. "It may get round to the Merritts' ears even now."

"I don't think so," Hetty rejoined curtly, glad in another moment to be in the cool outer air, her cheeks burned so hotly.

No, she was not likely to introduce her friends to the future Mrs. Fred Merritt. It was just as well so; but a little pang of loneliness went through Hetty's heart as she passed lighted windows and heard now and then cheerful voices. It was Christmas Eve.

and Mrs. Dalton and her daughters cared nothing for Christmas. They said it was very childish to talk so much about it.

They cared for Christmas in the pretty house in Revelstone Terrace, for as a smiling maid opened the door and Hetty stepped into the brightly lighted hall, she found Angela on a step-ladder arranging holly and laurel in conspicuous places; the floor littered with a delightful confusion of green boughs and sprigs; Will Lomax in a painting-coat tying up mistletoe, and somebody else—a brown-bearded man of about thirty—handing hammer and nails, and helping him to decorate.

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"This is Cousin Jack you have heard me talk of so often, Hetty," Angela said, still considering a laurel wreath. "Come to spend Christmas with the Beauchamps; and he has heard all about you, and knows exactly who you are."

They all laughed at this truly remarkable speech of introduction—most of them being ready on all occasions to laugh at anything and everybody that would give an excuse for so doing—and fell to being very busy. And what, with the pleasant firelight and lamplight, and the pleasant faces and voices, and the air of Christmas that made itself felt throughout the pretty house, a homelike sense of happiness and rest crept into Hetty's heart and shone in her eyes all that evening.

"Jack is so lonely! I'm really glad the Beauchamps have made him come to them for Christmas," Angela said later on, as the children—having all duly arrived, and having been romped with to their hearts' content for the space of an hour—were regaling themselves with dainties. "He looks as if he needed a romp like this; now, doesn't he?"

"He looks very nice—and kind," said Hetty simply, looking at the young man with innocent, friendly eyes.

"He is one of the best and dearest old fellows in the world," said Angela warmly. "He comes next to Will. He has nobody nearer than aunts and cousins—poor old Hetty, you haven't even those!—and lives quite by himself. I wish he would get married, but he always talks of being an old bachelor, and living alone the rest of his life."

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Angela did not add that Jack Dereham had a horror of society girls. She had suddenly become discreet, even artful.

"Why should he be an old bachelor?" Hetty asked, looking at him again with the same honest, friendly glance. "I am sure some nice, pretty girl might like him."

"So I think," Angela returned. "Now we are going to play oranges and lemons; will you come and help?"

Hetty was not only willing to do so, she was as pleased as one of the children. Her life had been so dull for years, that an old-fashioned romp of this kind found her as eager and happy as any of the ten-year-olds, whose bright little faces unconsciously made her own brighter. "Cousin Jack's" presence made no difference to her. He belonged to Angela's happy world, and was as pleasant and kind as Will Lomax—that was all she thought about him; and the game of oranges and lemons went on with great spirit. There was no coquetry in the merry glance Hetty bestowed, as she clasped hands that the children might pass under. Her hair became loosened, and a long curling lock fell down over her ears. Angela followed her with approving eyes; this, at least, was not a society girl.

So "Cousin Jack" thought also, as he met her happy look, and it is to be doubted if that grave bachelor of thirty had ever enjoyed himself so much, though it was only a children's party, and Will and Angela lived in Revelstone Terrace, and he had had an invitation to spend Christmas elsewhere, at a house many London people would have sacrificed much to have obtained an invitation to. The atmosphere of home pervading the little house had its charms for others beside Hetty; and Jack Dereham was particularly conscious of that atmosphere tonight as he watched Hetty and the children.

"Take your partners for Sir Roger de Coverley," the host proclaimed loudly at last.

Time was getting on, and soon there would be knocks and rings at the door, and the end of all things—for the time being—to the small people. Angela sat down to the piano, and "Cousin Jack" crossed the room and asked Hetty to be his partner; and she said, smilingly, "Oh, yes!—then the grown-ups can show the children how to do it."

I think it was at that precise moment that Jack Dereham fell in love. He told Angela so, long afterward, in a burst of confidence.

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Fourth Chapter

WINTER had passed away, and spring and early summer-time had come. A very important time, Mrs. Dalton considered it, for Georgie was to be married in August, and her trousseau was a thing of no slight consequence. The family resources were taxed to the uttermost to bestow on her all that was fitting for so brilliant a match. Hetty had so much to do, from morning to night, that she might have been excused had she felt weary of the subject.

If she felt so, she did not show it. A new brightness, like the summer's own, had come to her, and she bore patiently with much that would once have tried her spirited temper.

"If you come to see me when I am married, mind you never allude to those people in any way," Georgiana said, over and over again. "Mrs. Merritt does not dream we have any acquaintances of that sort."

"They are not your acquaintances," Hetty answered, with a flush of color; and then, again, that soft, bright light in her eyes they could not understand.

"No, thank goodness!" said the bride-elect elegantly as she went to the window to look out. "What a lovely dress that second Miss Beauchamp has! I wish I knew where she got it. I hope you'll keep it in mind: none of us ever mean to have anything to do with those Lomaxes—not even if they get on and sell their pictures."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dalton. "I meant to speak to you about it, Hetty. I am quite sure people like that would never make such a fuss over you—having you there so often, with no possible return—if it were not in the hope of making friends with us one of these days. What other motive can they have? And, of course, Georgie making this wealthy marriage, they know it would be the making of them to be seen about with us."

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Mrs. Dalton had never said anything before—among all the disagreeable things that had been uttered in the Dalton household about Hetty's friends—quite so bitter. Georgiana's marriage had roused her ambitious nature to the fullest extent.

But she little knew the result of that last speech of hers, as she swept away, well pleased with herself for having at last "spoken her mind about those Lomaxes and opened Hetty's eyes."

"Oh, I have been stupid—I have been sentimental!" Hetty said to herself, going straight up to her room to collect her thoughts. "They are right, and I am all wrong. I owe Mrs. Dalton nothing; and if Lady Dereham is so kind, so good as to wish to have me, why should I be too proud?"

"'I HAVE COME TO SAY GOOD-BY'"

"What is that girl doing in her room all this morning?" Mrs. Dalton ejaculated, in tones of annoyance. The dining-room was strewn with dress materials, and they were all, with the exception of Hetty, hard at work. "So ungrateful of her, when she knows what an amount there is to do.

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"I can't understand Hetty lately. She hardly answers when I speak to her. I'm sure she's thinking of something else all the time. But why she should spend a good hour and a half in her room, when I particularly want her to run up these seams—she knows perfectly well the machine makes my back ache—I don't know."

The future Mrs. Merritt threw down her work impatiently, when just at that moment Hetty's step was heard descending the stairs. There was a momentary lull in the storm.

"Dressed to go out! I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton as the door opened and Hetty came in. "When we have been waiting hours—yes, hours—for you to run up these seams. I suppose it's those Lomaxes. Well, if that kind——"

Mrs. Dalton paused. She had suddenly noticed an indefinable change in Hetty. She was in her outdoor things; there was nothing unusual about them. It must have been something else that attracted the attention of all three women. She did not look afraid of her stepmother; there was even a dignity about little Hetty, now that she had made up her mind, that confused a little and certainly surprised them. An uncomfortable thought crossed Mrs. Dalton's mind that perhaps Hetty was going to take a situation somewhere. It would be a lasting disgrace to the family—and with the Merritt connection nearly accomplished!

"I have come to say good-by," said Hetty, in a clear, resolute voice that had a touch of sweetness in it not intended for Mrs. Dalton; it seemed rather to be the outcome of her own thoughts. "I am going away this morning. My boxes are all ready. I thought the only way to avoid unpleasantness was to wait till the last before I told you. I am twenty-three," she added in the momentary stillness that followed. "My life is my own now, and I am going to some one who knew my father when he was young—before he married you."

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Mrs. Dalton comprehended, or thought she did. The words "my father" were quite enough for her. She was too angry to speak.

"It is those Lomaxes," said Georgie, taking the words out of her mouth. "I never knew such impudence. They want you to go and live with them. I wonder you dare look us in the face."

"I am not going to Angela's. At least," added Hetty truthfully, "I shall not be there after this morning."

"Exactly as I thought," said Mrs. Dalton, who had recovered speech at last. "You are going there; you have admitted as much. And I refuse to allow you. What would the people in the town say? Let you disgrace us by living in Revelstone Terrace, indeed!" she ejaculated, in a white heat.

"No," said Hetty, in a singularly gentle voice, but as resolute as ever; "I shall not be living in the town at all; I have thought of all that. It will be quite easy for you to account for my absence: you have only to tell people that I have gone to friends of my father, who are living in another county altogether."

"No; I should not tell people anything of the kind," Mrs. Dalton returned. "I should tell them you made low acquaintances, and I would not have you in the house. And I think it is, very likely, the best thing I can do; you would disgrace Georgiana with your friends. But I never said I would allow you to go, and you can go upstairs and take those things off again."

"No," the girl said quietly, "I'm going. You know you cannot keep me."

It was true—most disagreeably true. Mrs. Dalton began to see that most decidedly.

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"Very well, you can go," she said coldly, surprising both her daughters by her sudden decision. "But remember this: if you leave my house for any other, I wash my hands of you. I never want to see you again. You will not even come here to make a call."

"Quite so," rejoined Hetty. "It would be far better."

"And we refuse to know you and your friends," said Georgie, seeing her opportunity, since it had come to this.

A little spot of color was beginning to flame on Hetty's cheek. She had borne what Mrs. Dalton said much better; it was not so easy to listen to Georgie. She had resolved upon leaving the house without saying a word about her future, but her resolution faltered.

"Well, you can go," said Mrs. Dalton, almost too angry to speak. "You can go to your Lomaxes at once, and take care you never show yourself here again. Who is the person you are going to, if you are not going to them?" she asked scornfully, curiosity overcoming anger for a moment. "I see that you hesitate; I don't wonder you do. You're ashamed to tell me."

Hetty turned, with her hand on the door. "I am going to Lady Dereham till September," she said.

"Lady Dereham!" echoed Mrs. Dalton stupefied. Georgie and Hilda were too surprised to speak. "What do you know about her? She is Mrs. Beauchamp's aunt; she doesn't live here. What ridiculous nonsense you are talking! Even the Merritts don't know the Beauchamps."

"She is going as companion, needlewoman, or something of the kind. How dense you are, mamma!" said Hilda, breaking in.

"No, I am going to her because she has asked me to do so, and because she knew my father; and because I am going to be married from her house in September," said Hetty.

"Married! To whom?" Georgiana said, taking Hetty's arm to prevent her escape.

"To her nephew—Sir John Dereham."

No one spoke for a moment. They were all too stupefied. But Hilda's perceptions were the quickest.

"Hetty!" she exclaimed, two crimson spots on her cheeks, "you must—you shall tell! What sort of people have you been meeting at the Lomaxes' all this while?"

"Oh, the Fairfaxes, and the Beauchamps, and the Bellews—and the Scott-Roystons."

"Hetty!" they all exclaimed, making a simultaneous movement toward her.

But Hetty had left the house forever.

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A closed carriage was standing before the door of the pretty house in Revelstone Terrace as Mrs. Dalton and Georgie, breathless and panting, hurried up. They gave one awed glance at it, but they could not stay to identify it; time was truly precious just now. Mrs. Dalton, in spite of her age, ran up the steps before Georgie, and sounded the knocker. It was a fateful moment to her.

"Is Mrs. Lomax in?" she panted as the door was opened with suspicious suddenness, not by the pretty maid who had opened it so often for Hetty, but by the elderly woman who had once been Angela's own nurse, and now stood in that relation to her children—a trusted friend, as old servants come to be in course of time, when worthy of it. "And is Miss Dalton here? I want to see her at once."

"Mrs. Lomax is in, ma'am, but she is engaged," said Hannah calmly.

"Oh, she doesn't know who it is. Tell her that it is Mrs. Dalton. There has been an absurd misunderstanding; go and tell her, my good woman. Go!" said Mrs. Dalton, beginning to lose her temper a little as the woman before her did not stir. "Why, my daughter is here—Miss Dalton."

"I think not, ma'am," Hannah returned, still calmly, and moved aside to let a silver-haired old lady pass, who, attended to the carriage by the younger servant, did not so much as glance at Mrs. Dalton and Georgiana.

"Well, go and tell Mrs. Lomax who it is," Mrs. Dalton said angrily.

"She knows, ma'am. She is engaged," said Hannah respectfully, but very firmly.

Mrs. Dalton turned to confer with her daughter, who was on a lower step, and in doing so she caught a glimpse of the occupants of the carriage. One of them was Hetty; and the door had just been shut.

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She dashed past Georgie. "My dear Hetty!" she cried, holding tightly to the carriage door, and almost projecting herself bodily into the middle of it. "It was all a mistake! You must not dream of being married from any house but ours, Hetty."

But the white-haired lady had risen. She had a very cold expression on her face—"a most disagreeable woman," Mrs. Dalton said afterward; and, as she put her hand upon the door to close it firmly, she looked very calmly at Hetty's stepmother through a gold-rimmed *pince-nez*.

"This is my niece, Mrs. Beauchamp's carriage," she said, not with absolute discourtesy, and yet in a tone that set Mrs. Dalton down as effectually as if she had been bodily lifted off the carriage step. "I think you make a mistake. We have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, madam."

"And to think that we have only ourselves to thank! Oh, what simpletons we have all been!" Mrs. Dalton said, as, left on the pavement, she saw, almost with tears, the carriage pass out of sight. "I shall never forgive myself as long as I live!"

"And that woman would not even say she was 'not at home.' She is 'engaged'—and she will always be engaged when we call. There's not the slightest chance there."

"The deceitfulness of Hetty!—the low, underhand deceit! Knowing all those people for six months and more, and never letting us hear a word about it all."

"And the ingratitude!" said Georgiana.

"Ye—es. The ingratitude and deceit. But if I had only guessed," said Mrs. Dalton, actually shedding tears.

"I might have married some one far above a soap-boiler," Georgiana added, with a sigh of considerable feeling.

It was, perhaps, well that Mr. Fred Merritt was not near to hear this flattering remark.

(THE END)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Philadelphia, July 2, 1898

* * *

The Two Josephs Who Cornered Wheat

SINCE Joseph, during his bondage in Egypt, proved that it was possible for one man to own and gather into barns the corn of a Kingdom, he has had a succession of imitators, down to a namesake in these later days. But Joseph of Egypt and Joseph of Chicago, like the two Dromios created by Robson and Crane, resemble each other in little but name. The first stood for the people; the second solely for self. It is true that Leiter's manipulation of the wheat market benefited the farmers in the West, just as it is certain that it worked hardship to the poor of the cities. But both benefit and hardship were side issues of the campaign to the man at its head. His end—not in itself reprehensible—was personal profit. It is the means by which he hoped to attain it—marking a fictitious value on the people's staple—that invites unsparing condemnation. And so his inability to hold fast his slippery success will not displease anyone outside of his immediate circle.

Waiving all question of right and wrong, good business arguments against any attempt to corner the wheat of the country have been accumulating for twenty years. Leiter's eleventh-hour failure but adds another. Keene, White, Harper, Hutchinson and a dozen others have, in the end, either failed to better their fortunes by their wheat "corners," or have irretrievably ruined themselves. If we cannot have the old type of Joseph, it is a satisfaction to know there is indeed small encouragement for the Joseph of the present day to persist.

* * *

Sudden Friendships Between Nations

THE United States and Great Britain are having a love feast. Since England has seen how the fairy wand of American patriotism, backed by our wondrous National resources, has created almost in a moment one of the finest navies in the world, there has been a growing tenderness toward us. The possibility that the United States would foreclose its mortgages on Hawaii, Philippine Islands, Cuba, the Canary Islands, Spain and a few other scattered pieces of real estate has intensified England's affection for us. The two great English-speaking nations combined could dictate terms to the rest of the world, and with the persuasive arguments of their united armies and navies could effectually silence any weak-voiced nation daring enough to pipe a mild protest against the partnership.

A mild post-nuptial jubilee spirit seems to pervade England. Speeches are made in Parliament with poetic bits of phrasing about "one great nation under two flags"; American patriotic airs are sung with Britain's National anthem; the flags of the two nations are draped side by side in the music halls of London and "are enthusiastically cheered by the excited people." From Parliament to music hall is a long stretch, but it shows how far enthusiasm can go. In a recent speech at Birmingham, England, Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, said:

> "There is a powerful and generous nation, speaking our language, bred of our race, and having interests identical with ours. I would not go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if, in a great and noble cause, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

Far be it from us to depreciate or to deprecate the growth of kindly feeling between the two great Powers, the coming closer together that will teach each of the nations more of the intrinsic worth, stability and character of the other lying under the surface of National peculiarities. But when it comes to a genuine Anglo-American alliance it is important enough to warrant us in moving slowly, in acting cautiously, in looking on both sides, in counting the cost. Let us not be blinded by the glamour of our present mutual affection. Being "engaged" is pleasant, but marriage means—responsibility. This is just as true of nations as it is of individuals. For every new privilege we have new duties. Wedded to Great Britain, if we have the privilege of calling for her help in our emergencies, we must be ready for our duty and answer her call in her hour of need. Great Britain has a number of adjourned quarrels and misunderstandings in Asia and Africa in which America's help would be valuable. And while reciprocating with genuine appreciation the affection of England, America should carefully guard itself against being embroiled in new complications further than those that will be incident to her chaperonage of the confiscated colonies of Spain.

Both nations are great, both are proud, both enterprising and ambitious; there is danger that but a short term of united happiness would precede a National divorce on the ground of "incompatibility." America, as a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Colonies, has single-handed arrested Spain in her mad career, though America has shown herself worthy of a stronger foe. She has proved herself amply ready to meet any nation that trespasses on her rights. She has stood as a brave champion of a helpless people. She has little to gain by an Anglo-American alliance and much to lose. The marvelous reserve power of the nation will reveal her equal to any emergency in her relation to the Powers of Europe. And in any last extremity of either England and America, the strong natural bonds of a common heredity, a common interest, a common civilization, a common sympathy will bring the two nations together as sterling friends in their hour of extreme need. And all this without any formulated alliance between them.

* * *

The Danger Side of American Success

HISTORY has proved that no popular policy is more seductive than that of cold, deliberate territorial expansion. The fall of Empires dates from the time when the insatiable appetite for more land, the Alexandrian passion for "more worlds to conquer," first strongly manifested itself. Colonies have always been a source of weakness. When we entered upon this war with Spain it was with the sole purpose of relieving starving and misgoverned Cuba. It was not a war of conquest. But our victories in the Philippines, at Porto Rico, and in Cuba seem to have aroused the popular appetite for expansion of territory. There is, indeed, a serious question whether success may not have made us forsake our ideal, and we may not relegate to the background the very purpose for which we engaged in this conflict.

The necessities of war forced us to capture certain strategic points, and events have compelled us to abandon for a time our traditional policy. We have been driven to follow temporarily the dangerous and untried road of imperialism. There is grave danger that we may follow the will-o'-the-wisp into new and dangerous windings strewn with the remains of great nations. The war has brought us face to face with a crisis. We must answer the question as to whether we will adhere to our traditional policy or cast tradition to the winds and take part in the wild struggles of European nations for territorial aggrandizement. It is a momentous question; the life of the American Republic may hang on its ultimate decision.

* * *

Two Views of a War for Humanity

A WAR for humanity is no new thing; but in the history of the nations humanity has meant self, not others. No matter how noble their cause, men have fought because the principle involved was of first importance to themselves. It is not surprising, therefore, that European nations should refuse to believe that we are disinterested in our intervention on behalf of Cuba. That a century's enjoyment of those gifts which we are bearing to the Cubans has given us a broader conception of our duty to humanity has hardly occurred to them as a possible solution of this "Yankee puzzle." And as they have failed to appreciate our motives, so, too, have they missed the significance of the President's attitude earlier in the struggle.

For that matter, many of our own people, though in sympathy with the spirit of the war, have protested against the method of its prosecution, and swelled the chorus of cynical criticism which comes to us from across the sea. They have cried that our interference would destroy the very people whom we sought to save; that our ships, which were to have brought deliverance, have shut them in to starve; that in leaving undestroyed the nests of Spaniards along the coast we have been raising up a brood which will be strong of beak and talon, when, as we must in the end, we try to force them out. An unwillingness to precipitate bloodshed has been interpreted as shuffling weakness. No doubt the President has tried to avoid the paradox of an inhumane war for humanity's sake.

In every way and by every means, he sought to settle our differences with Spain peaceably. Even after war was finally declared, he was sanguine, apparently, that it might be brought to an almost bloodless conclusion. He hoped that Spain would early see the hopelessness of the struggle and sue for peace. He hesitated to sacrifice uselessly a single life, Spanish or American. Events have shown the futility of hoping that any common-sense can come out of Spain, and the war is on in earnest; an American Army has moved against Cuba, and the end grows nearer. Our leaders have concluded, apparently, that even a war for humanity must be fought out along the old, traditional lines.

* * *

The Sentiment of Southern Women

SIDE by side, deep in the imperishable stone, we have cut the names of our soldiers and sailors, with the record of their bravery and sacrifice. Each year since the Civil War remembering hands have laid the lilies of love and the laurel of glory on the graves of those who fought on land in the defense of their country.

It has remained for some Southern women to find a way of decorating the unmarked, though unforgotten, graves of our sailors in the shifting sea. From the past, from days when every river was a divinity and the sea a god, they have brought back the custom of a poetic people and given it a new significance. On Decoration Day the yellow waters of the Mississippi bore out their offering of flowers to the blue gulf. Some chance of wind or tide, they hoped, might blow a stray blossom to the spot where American sailors are buried beneath the twisted steel of the Maine. The impulse which impelled these women to that bit of sentiment will find new expression with each returning spring.

* * * * * *

Hail Columbia was written just one hundred years ago this very summer. Then, as now, the talk of war filled the air. In July, 1798, a war with France was thought to be inevitable; Congress was in session in Philadelphia deliberating upon its action; hostilities had already begun. England and France were at war, and the people of the United States were divided as to which country should receive our support. Then, as now, there was talk of an alliance of America and Great Britain.

One day a young actor and singer, who was about to have a benefit at a Philadelphia theatre, went to Joseph Hopkinson, a popular lawyer of the city. He told Hopkinson that twenty boxes for the benefit remained unsold, and he feared the performance would be a failure; but the day might be saved if he could get a good, patriotic song, adapted to the President's March, then a popular air. This, he felt, would pack the house. Would Hopkinson help him? The kindly lawyer said he would try, and on the day following delivered the manuscript to the actor.

It was announced one morning, and on that night the theatre was crowded to the doors. It was continued night after night for the whole season, and was encored and reencored, the audience always joining in the chorus. The enthusiasm spread, and crowds sang it at night in the streets of the Capitol, just one hundred years ago. Hopkinson's one idea in writing the song was "to get up an American spirit which should be independent of and above party interests, passions and policy."

* * *

My Country, 'Tis of Thee was one of the earliest productions of Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Newton, Massachusetts. He was born in 1808 and died in 1895. It was of him that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the much-quoted lines in his The Boys:

> "And there's a nice fellow of excellent pith,—
> Faith tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
> But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
> Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of Thee.'"

Of his poem, Doctor Smith says, in a letter dated Newton, June 11, 1861: "The song was written at Andover during my student life there—I think in the winter of 1831-2. It was first used publicly at a Sunday-school entertainment, July 4, at Park Street Church, Boston. I had in my possession a number of song-books from which I was selecting such music as pleased me, and, finding the hymn God Save the King, I proceeded to give it the ring of American patriotism."

* * *

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.—There has been much dispute as to the authorship of this National air. It is claimed as having originated in England, and having been sung under the title of Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean. The English version is an adaptation of our song, which originated in America. It is rather a singular coincidence that the two most important patriotic songs of America were both written in Philadelphia, and both originated in the desire of a poet to help out an actor who wanted a song to sing at a benefit performance. The story of Hail Columbia has already been given above.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, was written by Thomas à Becket, Sr., and the story is given thus in his own words:

"In the fall of the year 1843, being then engaged as an actor at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in this city, I was waited upon by Mr. D. T. Shaw (then singing at the Chinese Museum), with the request that I would write him a song for his benefit night. He produced some patriotic lines, and asked my opinion of them. I found them ungrammatical, and so deficient in measure as to be totally unfit to be adapted to music. We adjourned to the house of a friend (Mr. R. Harford, Decatur Street), and I there wrote the two first verses in pencil, and at Miss Harford's piano I composed the melody. On reaching my home I added the third verse, wrote the symphonies and arrangements, made a fair copy in ink, and gave it to Mr. Shaw, requesting him not to give or sell a copy. A few weeks afterward I left for New Orleans, and was much surprised to see a published copy, entitled Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, written, composed and sung by D. T. Shaw, and arranged by T. à Becket.

"On my return to Philadelphia, I waited upon Mr. Willig, the publisher, who told me he had purchased the song from Mr. Shaw. I produced the original copy in pencil, and claimed the copyright, which Mr. Willig admitted, making some severe remarks upon Shaw's conduct in the affair. I then made an arrangement with Mr. T. Osborn, of Third Street, above Walnut, to publish the song in partnership; and within a week it appeared under its proper title, viz., Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean; written and composed by T. à Becket, and sung by D. T. Shaw. Mr. E. L. Davenport, the eminent actor, sung the song nightly in London for some weeks; it became very popular, under the title of Britannia, the Pride, etc. I visited London in 1847, and found the song claimed as an English composition."

According to the English version, the song, under the title, The Red, White and Blue, is printed in J. E. Carpenter's New Naval and Military Song-Book, published in London, 1866, "as written and composed by D. T. Shaw, U. S. A." The first line is altered to read Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean, and in the third line of the last verse the name of Nelson is inserted in place of Washington.

* * *

The Battle-Hymn of the Republic.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells this story of how she came to write her stirring song:

"It was during the second year of the war," she says, "and I had gone to Washington with my husband and my pastor, the Rev. James Freeman Clark. I had wished many times that I could do something for my country, but the way seemed closed. My husband was too old and ill to go; my son was only a boy. My children were so young that I could not leave my home for long myself. While we were in Washington there was a great review of the troops across the river. We drove out to see it. While it was in progress there was a dash made against some of our troops by the enemy. It was repulsed, but the review was abandoned, and the troops came thronging back to Washington, and we with them.

"The progress of our carriage was slow, for the roads were crowded with the soldiers. To encourage the men, we began singing various songs and hymns, and they would join in the chorus. After we had sung John Brown's Body, Doctor Clark turned and asked me why I did not write some new words for that music. I replied that I had tried several times, but never could seem to write any good enough.

"The next morning, just about four o'clock, I woke suddenly. As I lay there in bed, the words of the hymn began to form themselves in my mind. I got up, and, by the faint light of the early morning, scrawled them on a piece of paper, and then went back to bed and sound asleep again. That is the way the hymn was written."

* * *

The Star-Spangled Banner was written by Francis Scott Key, a native of Maryland, born August 1, 1779. It was during the war of 1812, when Mr. Key went out from Baltimore in a little boat, under a flag of truce, to secure the release of a friend who had been captured by one of the ships of the British fleet in the Chesapeake Bay. Lord Cockburn had just completed preparations for an attack on Fort McHenry, and did not permit Key to return to the shore. The bombardment began on September 13, 1814, and lasted twenty-four hours.

Key, in his little boat, which was moored to the Commander's vessel, watched all through the night the terrible battle, and, from his position, was almost in line of the fire of his friends in the fort. He kept his eyes close set upon the Fort McHenry flag that Lord Cockburn had boasted would be taken in a few hours. When morning dawned, the rising sun illumined the flag waving in the breeze—"our flag was still there." Then, in a fever of excitement, Key took an old letter from his pocket, and, placing it on a barrel-head, wrote this inspiring song, which was first called The Defense of Fort McHenry. It found its way into print a week later, and soon became the favorite song of the soldiers. The original flag which delighted the eyes of Key after his long night vigil is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

FOURTH OF JULY AT THE NORTH POLE

By ROBERT E. PEARY, CIVIL ENGINEER, U. S. N.

In his new book, Northward Over the "Great Ice"

IT WAS a bright, beautiful day when we arose in the morning of July 3, 1892. Though on the previous day I had not caught a glimpse of the sea, and the mystery of dark-red land before us was a mystery still, I felt the next twenty-four, or forty-eight hours at most, would make all clear to us, and that we should stand on the borders of the Arctic Ocean, and, from some vantage-ground on the northeast coast of Greenland, look northward over the broad expanse of sea.

I was too anxious to enjoy the glory of the morning fully. If, as I had for some days suspected, this channel actually stretched from Lincoln Sea to the Arctic Ocean on the northeast coast of Greenland, was I to fail now to fathom its secret and take home the news that the northern extension of the mainland had at last been found?

The sun was shining brilliantly upon the dazzling white of the ice-cap behind us. Its genial rays were searching out and lighting up the hilltops and the deepest valleys of the land toward which our faces were turned, and which we were about to traverse. The temperature was that of a balmy day in early April in lands far south of the Arctic Circle.

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Our dogs were wild with delight, and expressed their emotions most vociferously. They saw the land before them and were very eager to reach it. So we gave them a rather meagre breakfast, and at seven o'clock in the morning we started. If the dogs had been gifted with sufficient sense I think they would keenly have appreciated the changed conditions that had suddenly occurred. We were now the beasts of burden and they were comparatively free.

Starting out from Moraine Camp, we had to walk and slip about four hundred feet down the landward slope of the ice, which stretched away for upward of a mile before its foot rested on terra firma. We found the traveling even more difficult than it had been the day before, partly because we were heavy laden, and also because the sun had still further softened the snow.

Azure-blue streams rushed through the semi-liquid slush, as we made our way toward the land, till we came to the crest of the immediate edge of the ice. Down this we slipped and scrambled as best we could, tripping and tangling in the traces of our dogs, which were wild to reach the land. I was surprised to see the effect of this constant July sun. Close to the land, where a few hours previous I had traveled without difficulty on my snowshoes, there was now a rushing river which we were obliged to ford. Some glacial lake, far up the ice, dammed in by the deep snow, had burst its banks, and, rushing down to the cañon between the rocks and the edge of the ice, had swept everything clear, down to the hard, crystal ice.

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My path of the day before was closely followed along the summits and through the little valleys, and after a march of five hours we stopped beside a beautiful shallow stream, starting from a great snowbank far up the ravine, and emptying below us into a mirror-like lake, from which a foaming cataract dashed to the crevasses of the glacier below. After luncheon, as we advanced, we saw several musk-ox skeletons. On every hill and in every valley we were finding traces of musk-oxen, but as yet we had seen no living specimens. With the utmost eagerness we scanned every new prospect for the coveted animals, for we knew that musk-oxen meant fresh meat for ourselves, and an abundant supply of food for our dogs.

After ten hours' marching, rendered doubly severe by the enervating effect of the high temperature, we halted for rest between a mound of boulders and a snow-drift, and, throwing up a wind-guard of stones, turned in to sleep. The constant scrambling over sharp rocks of all sizes had been extremely trying to Astrup and myself. The fatigue of climbing with our heavy packs and hampered by the dogs was greatly increased by the debilitating influence of what seemed to us an almost tropical temperature, accustomed as we had become to the clear, cold, searching atmosphere of the Inland Ice; and the terrible traveling over the glacial tumuli and moraines had been exceedingly severe upon our footgear and our muscles.

We had now advanced far enough on our way down the valleys and over the mountains to descry very distant land beyond what appeared to be the headlands of a fjord. But we were too far away to see all this clearly. The mystery of the region still remained a mystery, and we were to sleep again before we discovered that the distant land we saw was islands beyond the mainland of Greenland. We were very footsore as we threw ourselves on the ground behind our shelter of stones; but we were not too tired to sleep the sleep of the just during the five hours we allotted to rest before we shouldered our packs and set out again on our journey.

I had now eight dogs, and felt sure of obtaining musk-oxen down in the valley. Yet I had laid my plans, in the event of not getting musk-oxen, to sacrifice one of the dogs for the subsistence of all the rest.

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As we advanced, summit after summit rose tantalizingly before us, still masking from our view the coveted sight of the great bay which I had no doubt lay before us, hidden perhaps between towering cliffs that walled it round. Still with every step as we went on we eagerly examined all the slopes and ravines for musk-oxen. Again and again some large black boulder would give us a thrill of excitement, only to pass away again.

"THERE, FROM THE TOP OF THE CAIRN, THE STARS AND STRIPES WERE FLYING"

At last, however, as we were slowly and painfully creeping down the slope of an ancient moraine, two black objects were spied across the valley. As we looked, the space between them narrowed. There could be no doubt this time. They were musk-oxen, and I stooped to pat Pan's head and speak a word of encouragement to the noble dog, for I knew fresh meat would restore the brilliancy to his dull eyes and save his life.

As quickly as possible we crept behind the crest of a hill, restraining every symptom of a howl or cry from any of the dogs, and then worked along toward the feeding animals. Just this side of them was a deep ravine, traversed by a glacial stream, one arm of which branched up near where we were. Once between the high banks of this, we hurried rapidly along till within less than half a mile of the oxen. Here I divested myself of my pack, and left Astrup and the dogs, while I crept on down the ravine to a point close to the game. Reaching this, I climbed carefully up the bank and looked cautiously over.

There they were, lying down less than a hundred yards away. One was entirely quiet, but the other turned his head in my direction as I coughed in my excitement. My crippled leg kept me out of all deer hunts about Red Cliff, and lack of practice and the nature of the game before me gave me the severest kind of buck fever. As I raised my Winchester, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep the sight on that great shaggy head. I pulled the trigger. Then I rose and ran forward, to be as near as possible for a snap shot should the animal run. Much to my surprise, he rose leisurely and advanced toward me, as if to see what might be the trouble.

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A second shot point-blank staggered and discouraged him, and he turned away, giving me the desired shot back of the fore shoulders. As he fell, the other rose leisurely, exposing, as he did so, the same fatal spot. I could hardly credit my good luck as I rushed forward to examine more closely the great masses of long black hair and soft brown wool lying there upon the rocks.

As I started back to bring up Astrup and the dogs, my eye was attracted by a small black object a hundred yards or more to one side. Hastening to it, I found the strangest, queerest little object — a young musk-calf. Poor little thing; it had been taking a promenade while its parents enjoyed their afternoon siesta, and was all unconscious of the misfortune that had befallen them. I picked it up, carried it back to the others, and tethered its feet with the sling of my carbine.

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I went back to Astrup. I found him wild with excitement. At my first shot he had climbed out of his place of concealment to watch the affair, and already knew of my good fortune. Childish as it may seem, I went to my dogs, patted each on the head, and told them of the feast in store for them, for in loneliness dogs become near to us.

Sharp stones and weary shoulders were now forgotten as we hastened to where the fallen musk-oxen lay. The dogs were fastened just below the bank and out of sight of the carcasses in order to keep them from becoming unmanageable. Then I took my camera and photographed the new specimens. This done, we immediately began skinning one. It was but a short time before we had a huge hind-quarters skinned and cut off, and I was hurrying down to my dogs with it. When I first saw them they were all asleep, completely exhausted with the unusual heat and extremely difficult traveling.

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Miss Tahwana, always on the alert, was the first to see me and greet my approach with a joyful yelp. This brought Lion to his feet and awakened all the rest. For a moment they did not understand, then, as it dawned upon them that I was bringing them meat—raw, fresh, warm, bloody meat, which they had not tasted for many a weary day—the air was filled with their joyful cries.

Savage as was the sight, I sat down on a stone near by to watch the feast of my faithful companions. Finally, when my eager wolves had finished, only the white and broken bones of the musk-ox were left. Everything eatable had disappeared, and the dogs were filled almost to bursting.

In the meantime, Astrup, boy-like and Crusoe-like, with his ever-present artistic sense of the fitness of things, had found nearby a grass-covered, flower-be-sprinkled bit of soil, close to a little stream, and there had spread the musk-ox skins, and rigged up a light cotton sail, which we carried, into a kitchen or shelter for the alcohol stove. Here he invited me to come and stretch myself on the luxurious fur couch while he proceeded to broil some musk-ox steaks. How delicious they were! Astrup could hardly broil them fast enough to supply the demand. Sweet and tender and juicy, they far excelled anything of the kind that it was ever my good fortune to taste. Weariness and foot-soreness all vanished for the time under the magic of an abundant supply of fresh meat for my dogs and a fine dinner for ourselves.

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It would have been suicidal to have attempted to make our dogs travel immediately after their recent feast, and as I did not wish to leave them here, it was necessary that we should wait several hours until they were in condition to move. We improved the opportunity to snatch a little sleep, and both men and beasts were wonderfully refreshed by the time we started again on our tramp. A few more summits rose before us, but at last there could be no further question. The next one would surely give us the long-desired view.

Eagerly we climbed the ragged slope, over ragged rocks and through drifts of heavy, wet snow. The summit was reached. A few steps more, and the rocky plateau on which we stood dropped in a giant iron wall, that would grace the Inferno, 3800 feet to the level of the bay below us. We stood upon the northeast coast of Greenland; and, looking far off over the surface of a mighty glacier on our right, and through the broad mouth of the bay, we saw stretching away to the horizon the ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean.

From the edge of the towering cliff on which we stood, and in the clear light of the brilliant summer day, the view that spread away before us was magnificent beyond description. Silently Astrup and myself took off our packs and seated ourselves upon them to fix in memory every detail of the never-to-be-forgotten scene before us. All our fatigues of a six weeks' struggle over the ice-cap were forgotten in the grandeur of that superb view.

Our observation point was a giant cliff, almost vertical, overlooking the bay and a great glacier that entered the bay on our right. We thought we had left the Inland Ice behind us, but here was a mighty ice-stream, one of the largest we had seen in Greenland, that had pushed out from the ice-cap to find the sea. Looking over our right shoulder to the southeast, we could see, beyond the thousand red boulders in the foreground, and through a depression in the hills, the middle course of the broad ice-river glistening in the slanting rays of the Arctic sun.

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Across the glacier, bounding the fjord on the east, rose a long line of precipitous, bronzed cliffs, higher even than the one on which we stood, and projecting several miles farther out into the bay. They rose four thousand or more feet in sheer height above the glacier, and terminated in a grim promontory sloping steeply to the water. On their huge shoulders these wild cliffs supported a great projecting tongue of the Inland Ice. Some fifteen miles northeast of where we stood, these cliffs ended in a bold cape which I named Glacier Cape. Dark clouds seen over and beyond the ice-cap on these cliffs seemed to indicate that the shore-line trended rapidly away to the east or southeast.

Stretching out beyond that cape, and more than fifteen miles north of Observation Point, as I named the spot where we stood, we could trace the periphery of the big glacier, whose fan-shaped face rested at one end on Glacier Cape, and at the other on a promontory several miles northwest of us. I estimated that the periphery of this fan-shaped face of the glacier was fully twenty miles or more in length. The

glacier seemed to have little or no vertical face, but almost to blend with the bay ice. This appearance may, however, have been due to our elevation and distance.

Looking to the west we saw the opening of the fjord that had barred our northern advance. It was this fjord whose western entrance we had descried afar off days before. Now we knew that we had paralleled its course across the northern end of the mainland, from Robeson Channel clear to the Arctic Ocean, off the shores of Northeastern Greenland. Four days we had kept constantly in view the mountain masses forming the southern boundary of this channel, and through rifts in the mountains we had from time to time seen this depression, and had now and then caught glimpses of the frozen channel occupying it; and we had seen beyond it mountains and fjords stretching between them. It was evident that this channel marked the northern boundary of the mainland of Greenland.

At our feet, beyond the great fan-shaped periphery of our big glacier, were scattered many icebergs prisoned in the still unbroken surface of the bay ice. Beyond this, the bay ice seemed perfectly smooth and unbroken, and stretched away uninterrupted to the distant white horizon of the northeastern Arctic Ocean. We could distinctly discern the broad expanse of the ice-covered sea, but the distance was too great for us to make out any details of the surface. The most distant land we could make out, far to the northeast, looking over the point of Glacier Cape, must have been sixty miles away. It seemed to be flat topped, and there was no ice-cap on it.

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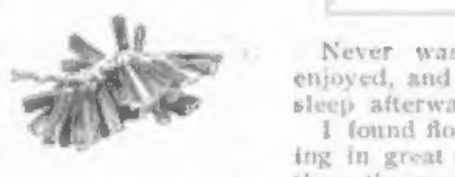
As we took in this wide-spreading panorama from our point of vantage over three-fifths of a mile above the bay ice, the sound of a cataract came up to us from far below, and I was surprised to hear the familiar drone of a bumblebee. We soon caught sight of the insect, which lingered in our neighborhood for some time. The flies that buzzed around us were altogether too numerous to count. The day was delightfully warm and calm, as in summer time.

Our silent contemplation of the sublime view at an end, I opened the box containing my transit, and set it firmly among the rocks to make my observations for position. The interims between these observations (equal altitudes from three hours before local noon to three hours afterward) gave time for a round of photographic views and notes upon our surroundings, and to begin the construction of the cairn, which should be in the coming years the silent record of our visit there. The result of the observations was the fixing of the position of Observation Point as eighty-one degrees thirty-seven minutes five seconds north latitude, and thirty-four degrees five minutes west longitude.



The observations finished, I brought out the little silver flask of brandy which had been brought with us for use in case of sickness, and passing it to Astrup to take a thimbleful, I followed suit, and then christened the great bay spreading its white expanse before us Independence Bay, in honor of the date, July 4. The great glacier at our right I named Academy Glacier, in honor of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; and the United States Navy was remembered in the name Navy Cliff, which I gave to the giant cliff on which we stood.

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Then Astrup and I completed the cairn on Navy Cliff. In the centre of this cairn I placed a tightly corked bottle containing an account of the expedition, its aims and objects, with portraits of all the members, taken from the New York Sun of June 6, 1891, and the following record:

"NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION
OF 1891-92,
ROBERT E. PEARY, CIVIL ENGINEER, UNITED STATES NAVY, COMMANDING.
"JULY 4, 1892, Latitude 81° 37' 5".

"Have this day, with one companion, Eivand Astrup, and eight dogs, reached this point, via the Inland Ice, from McCormick Bay, Whale Sound. We have traveled over five hundred miles, and Astrup, myself and the dogs are in the best condition. I have named this fjord "Independence," in honor of that day, July 4, dear to all Americans, on which we looked down into it. Have killed five musk-oxen in the valley above, and have seen several others. I start back for Whale Sound to-morrow.

"R. E. PEARY, U. S. N."

The back of this record contained the following printed request in several languages, being the usual request on all Arctic records:

"NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION
OF 1891-92,
ROBERT E. PEARY, CIVIL ENGINEER,
U. S. N.

"Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., with a note of the time and place at which it was found; or, to deliver it, for that purpose, to the United States Consul at the nearest port."

(This was repeated in French, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, and German.)

After the capstone was put on, the flags of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences and the National Geographic Society, of Washington, presented by Miss Dahlgren, were attached to the bamboo staff of the little silken guidon (which Mrs. Peary had made at Red Cliff House and presented to me as a Christmas present), and the staff was fixed in the cairn. How gloriously the brilliant colors sparkled as the wind from the mighty ice-cap spread them to the vivid sunlight and filled the air about the summit of the great bronze cliff with their laughing rustle.

Photographs of the cairn and of the flags were taken, a handful of flowers gathered from the rocks, and with a parting look at the scene which human eyes might not see again for years, perhaps never, we turned back toward the great ice-cap. Half a day's march brought us back to the camp in Musk-Ox Valley.

Tying our dogs so that they could feast upon the body of the second musk-ox, we flung ourselves upon our couch of musk-ox fur beside the babbling brook, and with the sky of Italy above us, bright yellow flowers peering at us from among the forbidding rocks, and soft, misty wreaths creeping up the gorges from the basin of the giant glacier, we gave ourselves up to the luxury of perfect rest and idle thoughts and fancies.

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All care and responsibility and weariness of body, worry as to the dogs, and disappointment, were thrown to the winds. On this day I would be a boy with Astrup, and we would celebrate the glorious old Fourth in a royal dinner. It was rather late to eat our Fourth-of-July dinner, for the fifth of the month was full grown; but we had been too busy at Observation Point to think of spreading a banquet there; anyway, our anniversary spread was only a little belated. This was our somewhat embellished and unusual menu:

Brandy Cocktail, à la Fourth of July
Pea Soup
Sauterne
Sirloin of Musk-Ox Broiled, with Biscuits
Veal Cutlets, with Biscuits
Bartlett Pears and Cream, à la Tin Can
Tea and Biscuits

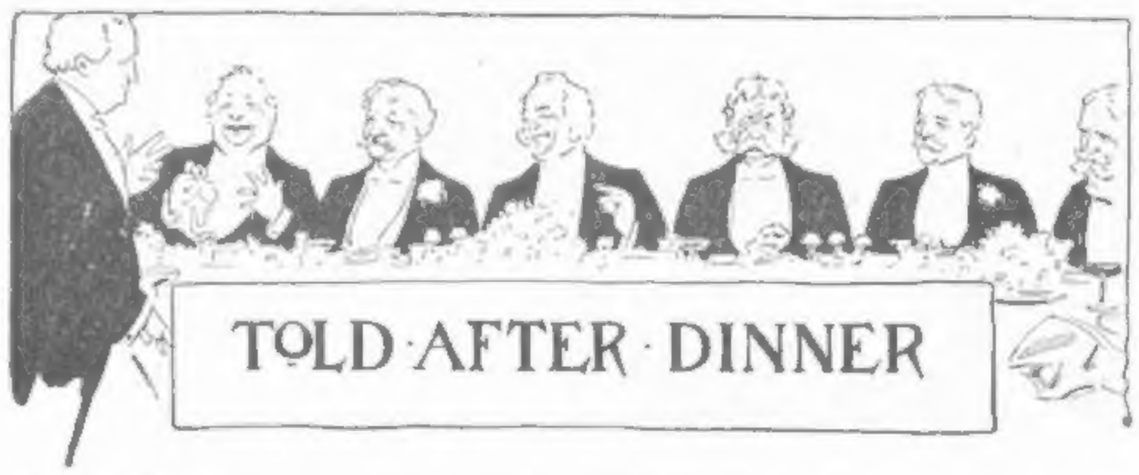
Never was a dinner more thoroughly enjoyed, and never, thought we, was sound sleep afterward more deserved.

I found flowers of many varieties blooming in great abundance; conspicuous among them the ever-present Arctic poppy. Snow-buntings, two or three sandpipers, a single Greenland falcon, and a pair of ravens were observed. Two bumblebees, several butterflies and innumerable flies were also noted. Without making any search whatever, we saw about twenty musk-oxen along our route. We could have obtained all of them without the least difficulty, and as it was we killed two fine cows, a bull and a calf. The musk-oxen were shedding their long, fine wool and we found the stomachs of the cows we killed full of grass.

Our return to Moraine Camp, at the edge of the Inland Ice, was but a repetition of our journey down, except that Astrup and myself each had an addition of some twenty-five or thirty pounds of musk-ox tongues, hearts and sirloin, and four of my best and strongest dogs carried upon their backs some twenty pounds apiece. Under ordinary circumstances this experiment would have been absolutely impossible; but now my dogs were completely surfeited with food.

That route of ours, from Moraine Camp to Navy Cliff and back again, was a little the worst traveling we found in Greenland. We were two days getting back to the camp, and when we reached it every dog in the team, except old veteran Lion and my favorite Pau (now entirely recovered), had cut his feet on the sharp rocks until they were bleeding.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This extract is taken from the latest work on Arctic exploration, Northward Over the "Great Ice," by Lieut. Robert Peary, U. S. N., published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. This interesting work, from which the above is a selection, was reviewed in No. 52 of the POST.



Putting it Politely.—At a party an "extra" maid of Erin was engaged by the hostess to assist the "regular" in passing round the tea and cake. The "extra hand," to whom this sort of thing was quite new, got rather excited, and bustled to and fro with rather more energy than grace. When about to retire, after going the round of the room, she suddenly stopped, and, pointing to a portion of the company in another room, innocently inquired of the regular housemaid, loud enough for the whole company to hear, "Hev ye fed them crathurs over there?"

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The Polar Bear.—A Frenchman went to an American, says the Bachelor of Arts, and said to him, "What does a polar bear do?"

The American answered: "What does a polar bear do? I don't know. Why, he sits on the ice." "Sits on zee ice?" "Yes," said the American, "there is nothing else to sit on." "Vell, vat he do, too?" "What does he also do? Why, he eats fish." "Eats fish; sits on zee ice and eats fish? Then I not accept." "Why, what do you mean? You don't accept! What do you mean?" "Oh, non, non! I does not accept. I was invited to be polar bear to a funeral."

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Found the Ends.—An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the Captain if he could find him work on the ship.

"Well," said the Captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope, you shall have some work."

The Irishman got hold of the end of the rope, and, showing it to the Captain, said, "That's one end, your honor." Then he took hold of the other end, and, showing it to the Captain as before, said, "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying, "And, faith, there's another end to it, your honor."

He was immediately engaged.

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Dispensing with John.—Mr. Loewenstein, a good-natured German, owned a clothing business in a country town, says the Australian Journal. He had in his employ one John, whom he had advanced from cash boy to head clerk. Since his promotion, John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of ten dollars per month. "Vy, Shon," said Mr. Loewenstein, "I dink I bays you pooty vell alretty; vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John confidently, "I am your principal help here. I know every detail of the business, and, indeed, I think you could not get along without me." "Is dat so?" exclaimed the German. "Shon, wot voud I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then." The "old man" took several whiffs from his big pipe, and said nothing. At last he remarked: "Vell, Shon, I guess you better consider yourself dead."

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Ingersoll at the Clover Club.—Ingersoll, the imperturbable Bob, was invited to attend a banquet at the irresistible Clover Club, says the New York Press. "It is impossible to accept," he said. "I know your custom too well. I will be called on for a speech, and will be unmercifully guyed. I never could stand it. I refuse to put myself in such a position." The club decided to waive its constitutional prerogative in his case, and he was informed of the fact. "Then I gladly accept the invitation," he said, "and will surely be on hand." He was.

No sooner had the gallant iconoclast reached his feet than a chap down at the end of the room began to interrupt. He was the only one in the club to say a word, but he was very annoying, and Bob remarked: "I came here as a guest with the understanding that I was not to be interrupted. There was an agreement to that effect." The man retorted: "I never heard of any such agreement!" The breaker of images said: "My friend, you remind me of a story. There was a day set apart by the beasts of the field, the reptiles, and the birds of the air for a general peace. Animals in the habit of preying on each other agreed to meet together in one grand accord. A fox passing a chicken roost on the way to the meeting invited a hen to accompany him, and when she politely declined informed her of the peace agreement. 'Well, Mr. Fox, I will go under those conditions,' she said, and they trotted along side by side through the field.

"Presently the baying of a pack of hounds was heard, and Mr. Fox started to run. 'Why do you run, Mr. Fox?' said Mrs. Hen. 'Remember the peace agreement.' Restraining himself, Mr. Fox trotted on, but the pack drew nearer and nearer, until he could stand it no longer. 'Mr. Fox,' urged Mrs. Hen, 'don't be afraid. Remember what you told me about the peace agreement. No hound would hurt you to-day. Trot along with me and don't be in the least alarmed.' He could almost feel the breath of the hounds. 'Mrs. Hen,' he whispered, prepared to spring away, 'I do well remember the peace agreement, but there may be some fool hound in that pack that hasn't heard of it. Good-by.'"

When the Colonel had finished this story there was dead silence, and he concluded his speech without further interruption. The "fool hound" who sat at the further end of the room didn't say another word.

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Loisette à la Française.—Mr. Lowry is a man with a moderate income and one child, a boy of eleven or twelve years, whom he is already sending to a French master, who is accustomed to be paid every Monday. Recently Mr. Lowry sent Henry to his lesson without the usual bank-note. That evening the father did as he always does—looked over the boy's exercise, and this is what he found Henry doing his best to put into Parisian French: "I have no money. The week is up. Have you no money? Has your father no money? I need money. What is the day of the week? The day of the week is Monday. Does your father know the day of the week?"

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The Waiter's Way of Putting It.—To a waiter belongs the proud distinction of uttering what is probably the most ungrammatical sentence ever evolved from the brain of illiterate man. One afternoon an old man took his seat at the table and gave his usual order to a new and rather case-hardened knight of the napkin.

"Waiter," he piped, as the dishes were slammed down before him, "this beef isn't sufficiently underdone."

With a smile of contempt the waiter bore the viands back to the kitchen window, and returned a moment later without having changed them, and the contemptuous smile was more noticeable.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "we ain't got no beef what's no underdoner!"

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The Final Proof of Ownership.—In an eastern county court the Judge was in a quandary the other day. A coat was in dispute. The parties were Irish, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. After much wrangling, Patrick Peters, one of the parties, proposed that he and his opponent, Timothy Maguire, should see whose name was on the coat. Timothy searched in vain, and the coat was handed to Pat, who immediately took his knife, opened a corner of the collar of the coat, and out dropped two small peas.

"There, d'ye see that now?" said he.

"Yes; but what of that?" said Timothy.

"A dale it 'as to do wid it! It is my name, to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Peters, be jabers!"

He got the coat after that.

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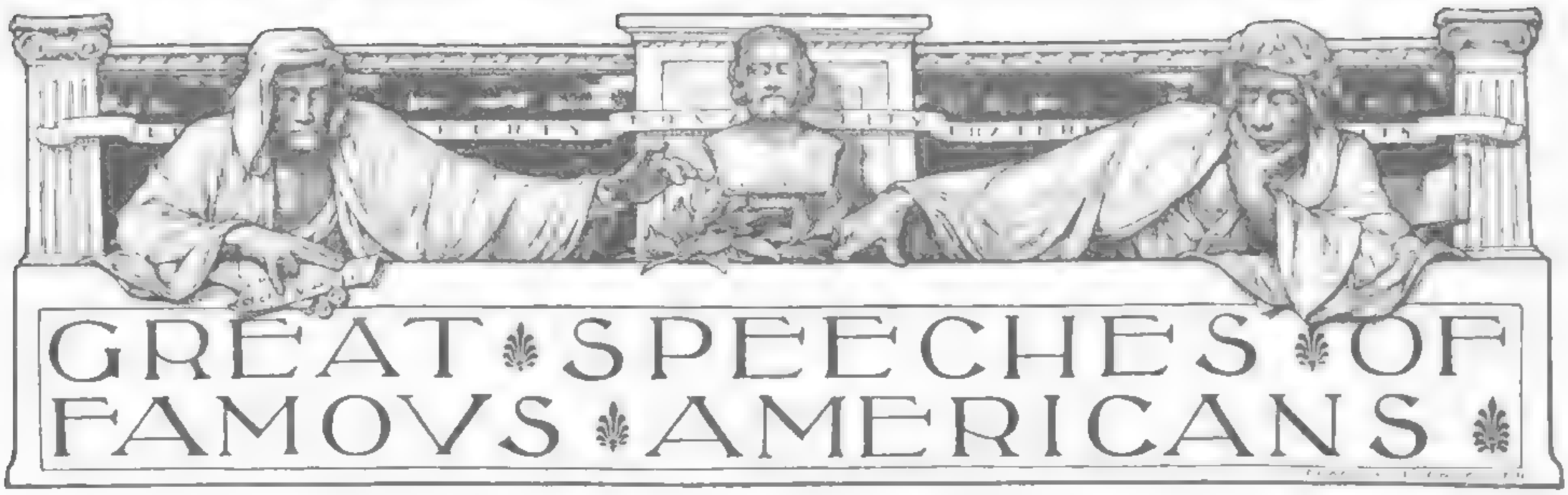
How Divine Vengeance Worked.—Two peddlers of Hebrew extraction were plying their vocation in the country. Calling at a farmhouse one day for dinner, they were accommodated, though the fare was, if anything, no more than that usually given to tramps—the dryest of bread, very stale, cold potatoes, scraps of fat meat, bones, sour milk, etc.—and what made matters worse, they were charged one dollar for the miserable repast. It took all the small change they could rake and scrape to pay the score, and shouldering their packs, they left the house, two very sober and disgusted men. After walking down the road for half a mile in silence, one of them ventured to relieve his feelings: "Dot vas a pad man, Isaac." "Yes, Moses, dot vas a ferry pad man." Another half-mile, and another long silence, then: "God vill punish dot man, Isaac." "Yes, Moses, God vill punish dot man." They trudged on fully a mile farther before either spoke again, and then Moses broke the silence by exclaiming, with quiet emphasis, as he drew a handful of silver spoons from his bosom: "Isaac, God has alretty punished dot ferry pad man."



THE HEROISM OF THE UNKNOWN

The Bravery of the Soldiers at Gettysburg

By HENRY C. POTTER, D.D.

THIRTY [illegible] peaceful scenes were [illegible] with the roar and din [illegible] a calm and unimpassioned historian, writing of it [illegible] years afterward described as [illegible] greatest battle fought on the [illegible] World." Thirty years ago to-day the hearts of some thirty millions of people turned to this spot with various but eager emotions, and watched here the crash of two armies which gathered in their vast embrace the flower of a great people. Never, so declared the seasoned soldiers who listened to the roar of the enemy's artillery, had they heard anything that was comparable with it. Now and then it paused, as though the very throats of the mighty guns were tired: but only for a little. Not for one day, nor for two, but for three, raged the awful conflict, while the Republic gave its best life to redeem its honor, and the stain of all previous blundering and faltering was washed away forever with the blood of its patriots and martyrs. How far away it all seems, as we stand here to-day! How profound the contrast between those hours and days of bloodshed and the still serenity of Nature as it greets us now! The graves that cluster around us here, the peaceful resting places of a nation's heroes, are green and fair, and, within them, they who fell here, after life's fierce and fitful fever, are sleeping peacefully the sleep of the brave.

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And we are here to tell the world to-day that we have not forgotten them. It seems a tardy honor that we come to pay them, but through all the years that have come and gone we have kept their memories green. Not a single anniversary of their great achievement has returned that they who count it the chiefest honor that they may call these men brothers have not come here to bring their grateful homage, and to recite the splendid story of their splendid deeds.

For here, friends and countrymen, the world witnessed a battle field disfigured by no littleness and spoiled by no treachery. So long as the world lasts men will differ about the best strategy in war, and the schoolmen in arms will dispute concerning the wisdom of commanders and the quality of their generalship. But though the critics may differ as to what might have been done here, no criticism, however clever, can at all belittle that which was the supreme splendor of this day and this field. Here the world saw a great army confronted with a great crisis and dealing with it in a great way. Here, for a time, at any rate, all lesser jealousies and rivalries disappeared in the one supreme rivalry how each one should best serve his country and, if need be, die for her!

And so, my countrymen, we come, first of all, to honor that which in human nature is the best—undaunted courage, unfaltering service, and over all a patriot's pure devotion to the right. [illegible] no man saw that in raising this monument to our dead heroes we are setting up one more altar wherewith to glorify the cruel god of war. There [illegible] indeed no one of us here, I am persuaded, who does not see in war, and its attendant train of evils and horrors, that of which any man or nation may wisely be in dread. There is no one of us here, I am no less persuaded, who, listening to that blatant jingoism that, from safe retreat, from time to time shouts its [illegible] envenomed lang[illegible] of swagger and of hate to mil[illegible]ine, it may, a[illegible] people [illegible] silly deed of arms alike unworthy of its power and its enlightenment—there is no one [illegible] as I say would [illegible] listening foolish talk, does not hear it with equal amusement and contempt. But all the same we may not forget that there may come, in the history of every nation, emergencies when all the resources of diplomacy and all the cleverness of statesmanship having been exhausted, there remains no other instrument but the sword, no last court of appeal but to arms. And surely we who have lived, as many of us here have through the memorable [illegible] which preceded the struggle which we are here to-day to commemorate can never forget that those were ideas which were at war, first of all, and that the life of this Republic was bound up with the triumph of those ideas for which this battle field must forever stand—yes, their triumph, peacefully if it might be, but with sword, and shot, and shell if it must be.

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Believe me, my countrymen, we need to remember this! Into this sacred and august presence—the presence both of the dead and of the living—and amid these gracious and tender ceremonies, I would not introduce one discordant note. It is well that, as the years go by, the rancors that once divided the children of the same Republic should be forgiven and forgotten. But there are other things that may not be forgotten, and it is at our peril that we forget them. We may never forget that the struggle of which these graves are the witnesses was a struggle for the eternal righteousness. We may never forget that the cause, which was substantially decided here, was the cause of freedom, and of justice, and of the eternal equities, as against a despotism which however amiable its ordinary exhibitions had in it, as Sumner said of it, the essence of that "crime that degrades men." We may never forget that behind the question of the Union was the question of unpaid labor of bartered manhood of a traffic which [illegible] all in human hearts. We may never forget that the greatest victory in the War of the Rebellion was the triumph for all time of great and sacred principles.

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We may never forget that a nation which has won its freedom from dishonor, with a great price, can maintain that freedom only by struggles and sacrifices equally great.

This day, this service, and most of all these our heroic dead, stand—let us here swear never to forget it—for the sanctity of law, for the enduring supremacy of just and equitable government, and so for the liberties of a united and law abiding people.

HENRY C. POTTER, D.D.
BISHOP OF NEW YORK

[illegible] now, as [illegible] feature [illegible] in this decision which lends to it supreme and most pathetic interest. Here are tombs and memorials of heroes whose names are blazoned upon them and whose kindred and friends have stood round them have recited their deeds, and have stood to tender homage around those forms which were once to them a living joy.

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But for us there is no such privilege, no such tender individuality of grief. These are our unknown dead. Out of whatever homes they came we cannot tell. What were their names, their lineage, we are ignorant. One thing only we know. They wore our uniform. And that is enough for us.

We need to know no more. From the banks of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence; from the wilds of the Catskills and the Adirondacks, from the salt shores of Long Island, from the fresh lakes of Geneva and Onondaga, and their peers; from the [illegible] and the farm, the shop and the factory, [illegible] college halls and crowded tenements; [illegible] they came here and fought and fell. [illegible] shall never, never be forgotten. Our great unknown defenders! Ah, my countrymen, here we touch the foundations of a people's safety—of a nation's greatness. We are wont to talk much of the world's need of great leaders, and their proverb is often on our lips who said of old, "Woe unto the land whose King is a child." Yes, verily, that is a dreary outlook for any people when among her sons there is none worthy to lead her armies, to guide her councils, to interpret her laws, or to administer them. But that is a still drearier outlook when in any nation however wise her rulers, and noble and heroic her commanders there is no greatness in the people equal to a great vision in an emergency, and a great courage with which to seize it. And that, I maintain, was the supreme glory of the heroes whom we commemorate to-day. All the more are they the fitting representatives of you and of me—the people. Never in all history, I venture to affirm, was there a war whose aims, whose policy, whose sacrifices were so absolutely determined by the people, in whom lay the strength and the power of the Republic. When some one reproached Lincoln for the seeming hesitancy of his policy, he answered—great seer as well as great soul that he was—"I stand for the people. I am going just as fast and as far as I can feel them behind me."

And so, as we come here to-day and plant this column consecrating it to its enduring dignity and honor as the memorial of our unknown dead, we are doing, as I cannot but think, the fittest possible deed that we could do. These unknown that lie about us here—ah, what are they but the peerless representatives, elect forever by the deadly gauge of battle, of those sixty millions of people, as to-day they are, whose rights and liberties they have loved! Unknown to us are their names; unknown to them were the greatness and glory of their deeds. And not this brothers of New York the story of the world's best manhood and of its best achievement? The work by the great unknown, for the great unknown, the work [illegible] by fidelity in the ranks, courage in the trenches, obedience to the word of command, patience at the picket line, vigilance at the outpost, is done by that great host that bear no splendid insignia of rank and figure in no Commanders [illegible] these—this work with its large and incalculable, and unforseen consequences for a whole people—is not this work which we are here to-day to commemorate, at once the noblest and most vast? Who can tell us now the names even of those that sleep about us here, and who of them could guess on that essential day when here they gave their lives for duty and their country, how great and how far reaching in its effects would be the victory they should win?

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And thus we learn, my brothers where a nation's strength resides. When the German Emperor, after the Franco-Prussian War was crowned in the *Salle des Glaces* at Versailles, on the ceiling of the great hall in which that memorable ceremony took place, there were inscribed the words, "The King Rules by His Own Authority." "Not so," said that grand old man of blood and iron who, most of all, had welded Germany into one mighty people—"not so; 'The Kings of the earth shall rule under me, saith the Lord.' Trusting in the tried love of the whole people, we leave the country's future in God's hands!" Ah, my countrymen, it was not this man or that man that saved our Republic in its hour of supreme peril. Let us not, indeed, forget her great leaders, great generals, great statesmen, and greatest among them all, her great martyr and President, Lincoln. But there was no one of these then who would not have told us that which we may all see so plainly now that it was not they who saved the country, but the host of her great unknown. These, with their steadfast loyalty; these, with their cheerful sacrifices, and these, most of all, with their simple faith in God and in the triumph of His right, these were they who saved us! Let us never cease to honor them and to trust them; and let us see to it that neither we nor they shall ever cease to repose our trust in that overarching Providence that all along has led them.

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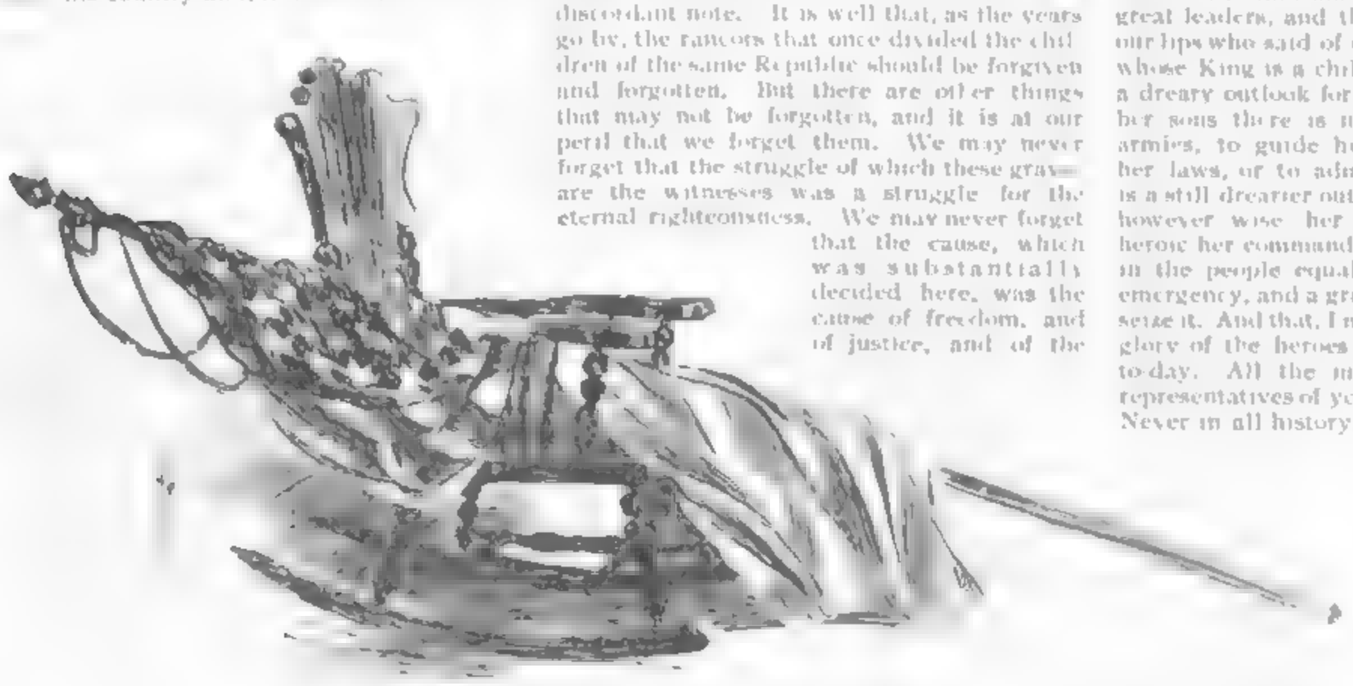
It was God in the people that made the heroism which, in these unknown ones, we are here to-day to honor. It must forever be God, in and with the people, that shall make the nation great, and wise, and strong for any great emergency which it may be called upon to meet.

In that faith we come here to rear this monument and to lay the tribute of our love and gratitude upon these graves. May no alien or vandal hand ever profane their grand repose who slumber here! And when the sons of freedom, now unborn, through generations to come shall gather here to sing again the praises of these unknown martyrs for the flag, may they kneel down beside these graves and swear anew allegiance to their God, their country, and the right!



[illegible] from a speech delivered at the dedi[illegible] monument commemorative of the [illegible] of New Y[illegible] [illegible]d at Gettysburg, July 2, 1903, and collected from The Soldier and the State, by Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York, not published by The Century Company, New York.

THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD

By RENÉ BACHE

II—The Mechanical Wonders of the Library

BEAUTIFUL as the new Library of Congress is to the eye, and admirable as is its construction from the view-point of an engineer, its chief perfection lies in its arrangement for the practical uses of a book collection. In this respect it is wholly a new departure, nothing like it was ever seen in the world before. When, at a period in the distant future, its contents are so far augmented as to number ten million books, every volume will be accessible at a moment's notice. The central desk in the rotunda, or reading room, is the brain of the entire structure. From that point intelligence literally radiates through all parts of the building as swiftly as the human brain is able to communicate with the members of the body. Wires are its nerves and its thoughts are conveyed by means of the electric spark.

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In a previous article some account of the library building from an aesthetic point of view was given, its architecture and art works being described. The present paper will deal with its perfection as a machine—as an apparatus, in other words. For making books available for ready use it is one thing to have a library, and quite another to render the volumes accessible. The famous collection of the Vatican, for example, is a mass without any satisfactory clew in the shape of a catalogue. Priceless treasures of literature are buried in it, but they are hopelessly beyond reach for lack of a proper reference list. In the new Library of Congress, on the other hand, the reader is able to get a book in a small fraction of the time required at the British Museum, or in any other great library of the world. The Librarian is in immediate touch with every volume in the building. He can, it may be said, place his hand at an instant's notice on any particular one of the 1,000,000 books and pamphlets which comprises the collection.

Ten thousand books thus arranged for practical use are better than a million volumes lost in a literary maze. That is obvious enough, but the best way to give a notion of the system adopted in the new National Library is to tell something about the actual mechanism upon which it depends.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY H. CLAYTON GRAY

STAIRCASE TO GALLERY OF ROTUNDA

The plan specially provides for a central system of administration—that is, a system whereby the readers make all applications and receive and return their books at the desk in the centre of the reading room. This idea was first adopted by the British Museum, only a few years ago. The Librarian sits at the central desk sufficiently elevated above the floor of the room to survey all the readers. His assistants stand behind a circular counter on the floor level, surrounding the raised tripod of the oracle of books, transacting business with those who visit the Library.

The applicant for a book writes the title of the work and the name of the author on a card, with his own signature attached. This he hands to one of the assistant librarians across the circular counter, and that official puts it into a little cylindrical box made of leather, somewhat resembling a dice box in size and shape. The dice box is then thrust into the mouth of the pneumatic tube which communicates with the part of the library where the special book is to be found. There are now twenty-four of these tubes, connecting with the various tiers or stories of the great book-stacks. In dispatching the leather carrier, the assistant also presses a button, which rings a bell in the book stack at the proper tier and thus notifies the attendant there that a message has arrived. The attendant responds by taking the carrier from the tube and touching a button which causes a white disk to appear in the reading room just above the mouth of the tube at that end. This notifies the assistant in the reading room that the order has been received and is being

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Each of the two great book-stacks, as stated in the previous article, is a lattice work structure of iron 113 feet long, forty feet wide and nine stories high, with a capacity for 800,000 volumes. Including the third and smaller stack, there are about forty-four miles of shelving. It is necessary to realize these numbers and dimensions in order to appreciate the efficiency of the system by which every volume, even to the smallest duodecimo or pamphlet, is made available for immediate finding and use. The attendant on the stack-tier is not obliged to grope and search for a book. Thanks to an ingenious juggling with the alphabet, every thing is so perfectly classified that he can go directly to the proper shelf and pick out the work required. Having done so, he goes to a sort of shaft resembling a dumb-waiter, which passes from the top to the bottom of the book stack. Through the shaft travels an endless chain, which carries a series of wire baskets. Into one of the baskets, as it goes by, he puts the book, touching a button at the same time to inform the assistant in the reading room that it has been despatched as desired.

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The endless chain described is a line of communication between the book stack and the distributing desk in the centre of the reading room. From the top of the stack it runs down to the basement of the building, across and beneath the floor to the reading-room, up into the interior of the central desk, and back again to the book stack. It is driven by electricity, travels at the rate of 100 feet a minute, and carries eighteen of the wire trays described. The most wonderful thing about this apparatus is its independence of interference by human hands. Indeed, it operates as if actually gifted with human intelligence. It was said above that the attendant placed the book in a basket, but this is not literally true. He puts it merely on a sort of shelf that is made of long brass teeth after the manner of a comb, and, when the next basket comes along, it picks up the volume and carries it off. On arriving at the delivery desk, it dumps the book out, laying it gently aside for the use of the Librarian, and then goes on its way. The assistant at the desk hands the book across the counter to the reader who has called for it. After a while the latter gets through with it and gives it back, reclaiming his signal ticket. The next thing, obviously, is to return the volume to the place whence it came, and this is accomplished very simply. The assistant turns a little handle so as to make an index point to the proper number in a series of figures that are arranged like a dial. Each number corresponds to a given tier in a certain stack. Let it be supposed that the book came from the seventh tier in the south stack: the assistant turns the handle accordingly, and places the volume on a comb like shelf similar to the one already spoken of. The next basket that comes along picks up the book gently and carries it away at the rate of 100 feet a minute to the south stack. Up the stack it goes until the seventh tier is reached, and here it is quietly shoved off for the attendant to return it to its shelf at his leisure.

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All of this machinery is absolutely noiseless. The dice box carriers fly through the pneumatic tubes all over the building, and the wire baskets go on their endless way from book stacks to reading room and back again without making an audible sound. It should be explained that a separate cable connects with each stack. The whole contrivance is entirely new and original, nothing of the kind having been introduced hitherto in any library in the world. The mechanism is not even exposed to view, the terminal station for the traveling cables being inclosed in mahogany, so as to have the appearance of forming part of the Librarian's desk. A sliding panel, opened whenever a book is to be despatched to the stacks, reveals the shaft through which the chains and wire baskets run. Volumes that are bigger than quartos cannot be conveyed by the traveling baskets, but are carried by messengers, who ascend the stacks in elevators. However, books of such great size are rarely called for.

Immediately beneath the desk of the Librarian, in the basement of the building, is a terminal station of the line of communication between the Library and the Capitol. This is in itself quite a wonderful affair, being wholly subterranean. Connecting the two great Government buildings is a tunnel built of brick, big enough for a man to walk through without stooping. The length of it is 1275 feet, and it is six feet high by four feet wide. This conduit is three feet below the surface of the ground and is made water tight, somewhat like a sewer, in fact. It contains a cable railway of a pattern similar to that employed in dry goods shops for carrying bundles and change, but the whole affair is on a sufficiently large scale to provide for the transportation of the biggest books and bound newspaper files. The cable runs at a speed of 600 feet a minute, carrying holders which automatically pick up and deliver the leather cases in which the books are placed for transmission to and fro.

The other terminal station of the subterranean railway is close by the rotunda of the Capitol. An Assistant Librarian is stationed there, with messengers, who carry books that are wanted by Senators and Representatives. Through the tunnel runs a pneumatic

A VIEW OF THE BOOK SHELVES

tube for messages, as well as telephone wires which communicate with both Houses of Congress. Thus, orders for books, scribbled on scraps of paper, may be conveyed to the Library in an instant, and the volumes required are shot back to the Capitol before one can say "Jack Robinson." Meanwhile any member of Congress is able to communicate by telephone with the Librarian direct. In fact, Congressmen are able to get books from the new Library much more easily and quickly than they have obtained them heretofore from the same collection housed in the Capitol. The telephones above referred to are very unlike the ordinary instruments in common and familiar use. They are of extraordinary acuteness, so that whispers are audible with perfect distinctness, and any Representative or Senator can converse at any time with Mr. Young or Mr. Spofford with as much ease and comfort as if the participants in the colloquy were seated together talking in the same room.

The men who legislate for the nation are constantly in want of books for reference, and this is why it is so important that the contents of the Library should be readily and quickly accessible from their point of view. Let it be supposed, for example, that a

MOSAIC DECORATION—"HISTORY, MYTHOLOGY, TRADITION"

EDITOR'S NOTE. The three articles in this series appear in Numbers 52, 1 and 2, and will be devoted to three phases of the subject:

I—The Artistic Beauties of the Library
II—The Mechanical Wonders of the Library
III—The Literary Treasures of the Library

Congressman desires to obtain a volume of Carlyle's History of the French Revolution. He writes the title of the work and the number of the volume on a piece of paper and hands it to a page. The page takes it to the Library station close by the rotunda and gives it to the Assistant Librarian in charge. The latter puts it into a small dice-box of leather and thrusts it into a pneumatic tube. As it leaves the Capitol on its swift errand, the Assistant Librarian calls attention to its coming by touching a button which gives an electric signal at the central desk in the reading-room of the Library. At once on the arrival of the message the Assistant Librarian at that end sends for the book in the manner already described, and it is fetched to the central desk inside of six or seven minutes by one of the traveling baskets. Then it only remains to forward it to the Capitol.

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The Assistant Librarian opens a sliding door in the structure of the central desk and descends into the room immediately beneath. Here is the terminal station of the underground cable road already referred to. No machinery to speak of is visible; it is all boxed in, concealed and noiseless. The assistant picks up one of a number of huge leather envelopes which are awaiting use and into it he puts the book. The envelope bears some resemblance to a dress-suit case, and it is big enough to hold a bound volume of newspapers. The assistant drops it, with its contents, into a sort of slot, where it remains while waiting for the next carrier to come along and take it away. Presently the carrier arrives, and, without any aid from human hands, grasps the leather envelope and moves off with it at the rate of 600 feet per minute. At this rate it requires only a little over two minutes to deliver the envelope at the Capitol, where the book is taken out of it and sent by a messenger to the Congressman who ordered it. The whole performance, from begining to end, does not consume more than fifteen minutes.

Now, one might suppose that, in order to run all of this complicated machinery, the basement of the Library must be full of engines and boilers. The fact is, however, that nothing of the sort is to be found, but only a few electric motors. There is not a fire anywhere in this temple of knowledge.

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All the mechanical arrangements described are run by electricity, which is furnished by steam engines from a plant underground outside. Of this purely business end of the establishment nothing is to be seen above ground save a tall and ornamental chimney; the boilers, etc., are in a subterranean building. There are sixteen of these boilers, which make steam for running the pneumatic tube system, for the dynamos that furnish light and power, and for heating the water that warms the building. They furnish hot water to coils of pipes in the cellar, and the air of the cellar thus warmed passes up through flues to all parts of the building. Electric motors drive the book-carrying apparatus and ventilating fans, of which a few are placed in the cellar, to be ready for use in warm weather. For all these purposes the Library uses annually 3000 tons of coal, which is stored underground.

It is worth while in this connection to refer to an experiment that was made by the Government twenty years ago, for the purpose of providing quick communication between the Capitol and the Government Printing Office. Such a great amount of business is transacted between that establishment, which is the greatest printing-office in the world, and the Houses of Congress, that it was deemed expedient to construct an immense pneumatic tube as a quick connection. It was intended to utilize this tube for the transmission of documents and packages of printed matter of all sorts, and, in order that the facilities might be thoroughly satisfactory, it was made big enough for a man to be whisked through. The name of the author of this interesting scheme seems to be lost in oblivion, but the "hole in the ground," as it came to be known, still remains as the memorial of the mistake that cost the Government $15,000. It never worked, because the air pressure could not be made great enough to operate it successfully. It is utilized simply as a conduit for telephone wires.

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The removal of the National book collection from the Capitol involved some serious problems. To transfer one thousand tons of reading matter from one building to another is no trifle, and various expedients for accomplishing the task were suggested. One notion was that the underground tunnel might be utilized, but this was deemed inexpedient. Mr. Spofford was inclined to think that it would be best to build a temporary elevated railway, over which the volumes might be conveyed easily from the floor of the Capitol rotunda to the main floor of the new building. This plan, he contended, would involve a minimum of carriage, and, the work being accomplished, the cheap temporary structure could be removed.

Another idea was that the militia of the District of Columbia might be called out for the purpose of moving the books. Such a plan was actually adopted in Berlin not long ago, when the Royal Library of Prussia was transferred to a new building. A regiment of soldiers was formed in line, each man having a basket, and the baskets were passed from hand to hand like buckets at a fire.

The plan finally adopted, however, was simpler than any of these, as well as cheaper.

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A little study of the subject showed that the mere transfer of the collection from one building to the other was a small part of the problem. The great difficulty was to get the books down from the shelves and out of the Capitol, and, when they had arrived, to place them in their new quarters. The actual transportation of the volumes over the quarter of a mile of distance could be accomplished as well with carts as in any other way. Accordingly, this method was carried out, though with an immense deal of care as to details. The books were handled as carefully as so many babies; dumped carelessly into wagons they would have suffered as much mischief as might have resulted from a half-century of use. No mere pen-picture could adequately describe the condition of the Library of Congress as it was only a year ago. Though by no means confused, it was crowded to an extent almost inconceivable. It was requisite that the removal of the mass of the books should involve no disturbance of their relations as expressed in the catalogue—not even temporarily.

When the transfer was made, tackle and pulleys were rigged in the old Library, and wooden boxes were provided, each big enough to hold a shelf-full of books. The boxes, filled with books, were lowered to the main floor of the Capitol, and were there placed on trucks, which were run out to the east front and loaded upon the carts in waiting. The latter carried them over to the new building, where they were transferred to hand-trucks and wheeled to the foot of the book-stacks. Then it was an easy matter to transfer the boxes of books to the elevators in the stacks, which conveyed them to the tiers where their contents belonged. The volumes were moved division by division. Poetry was one division, fiction another, and these divisions were split up into classes. A system of marks and numbers was prepared by Mr. Spofford, to make it certain that no volume should be misplaced in its new quarters. In this simple fashion the entire collection was transferred in a few days.

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One of the minor difficulties incidental to the moving of the books was occasioned by dust. It is wonderful how books gather dust, and in their old quarters the volumes of the National collection had become choked with the atmospheric detritus of generations. The literary treasures in the upper galleries were overlaid by a full inch of dust. Music, comprising 1,000,000 pieces, was fairly buried in dust. In order to dispose of it in a rough way, an odd sort of expedient was adopted—a hose and nozzle being attached to a compressed-air apparatus. By squirting a powerful stream of air from the hose the dust was dispersed in clouds, and it only remained to give to each volume or document a brief brushing before placing it in the wooden box destined for its safe transportation.

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This substance called dust is very curious stuff, being composed largely of grains of starch, derived originally from human food, such as wheat and potatoes. These starch grains are so light as to be scattered everywhere by the winds, and a cloud of them overhangs every town. Fragments of vegetable and animal fibres contribute much to the material of dust, and in a pinch of it one is apt to discover such things as a scale of human skin, a piece of an insect's claw, bits of lime and soot, a grain or two of plant pollen and a few spores of mould, and even small seeds.

The book-shelves of the new Library were manufactured in Louisville, Kentucky. They are of steel, yet lighter than wooden shelves, being of a lattice-work pattern, and they cost $90,000. By a special process they are rendered absolutely rust-proof, and their greatest advantage consists in the ease with which they can be adjusted and interchanged. No screw-driver or other tool is required for removing one of these shelves. It is simply taken out with the hands at an instant's notice, and, if desired, may be put in a different place by sliding it between another pair of rachets. Thus any given shelf-space may be made of any height, from nothing at all up to seven feet, which is the height of each tier in the book-stacks. The shelves can be made to accommodate all sizes and shapes of books, and, if it is so wished, a new aisle can actually be opened through the stack-tier in a few moments. The steel shelves, being of skeleton pattern, are dust-proof and vermin-proof, and they will carry without bending any possible weight of the heaviest volumes. By taking out a few of the shelves in any "bay" of a tier, room may be made off-hand in which to set a desk or chest of drawers.

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The book-stacks of the new Library were invented and designed by the present engineer in charge of the building, Mr. Bernard R. Green. Structurally, they are entirely independent of the building which embraces them, and in all respects they are far beyond any contrivance for the storing of books hitherto employed in the Libraries of the world. The requirements to be met by a perfect book-stack are many. To begin with, all of the books must be readily accessible. The stack must be close to, and in intimate communication with, the reading-room. It must accommodate volumes of all kinds and sizes, in every sort of binding. The arrangement and classification of books must be changeable readily at will. The shelves must be easily adjustable, removable and interchangeable. There must be thorough illumination by daylight. The temperature must be moderate and the ventilation good, with a minimum of lodgment for dust or insects, security from dampness, and perfect cleanliness. It is requisite, also, that the stack should be capable of indefinite extension. All of these exacting conditions are admirably met by the practically perfect book-stacks in the new Library of Congress.

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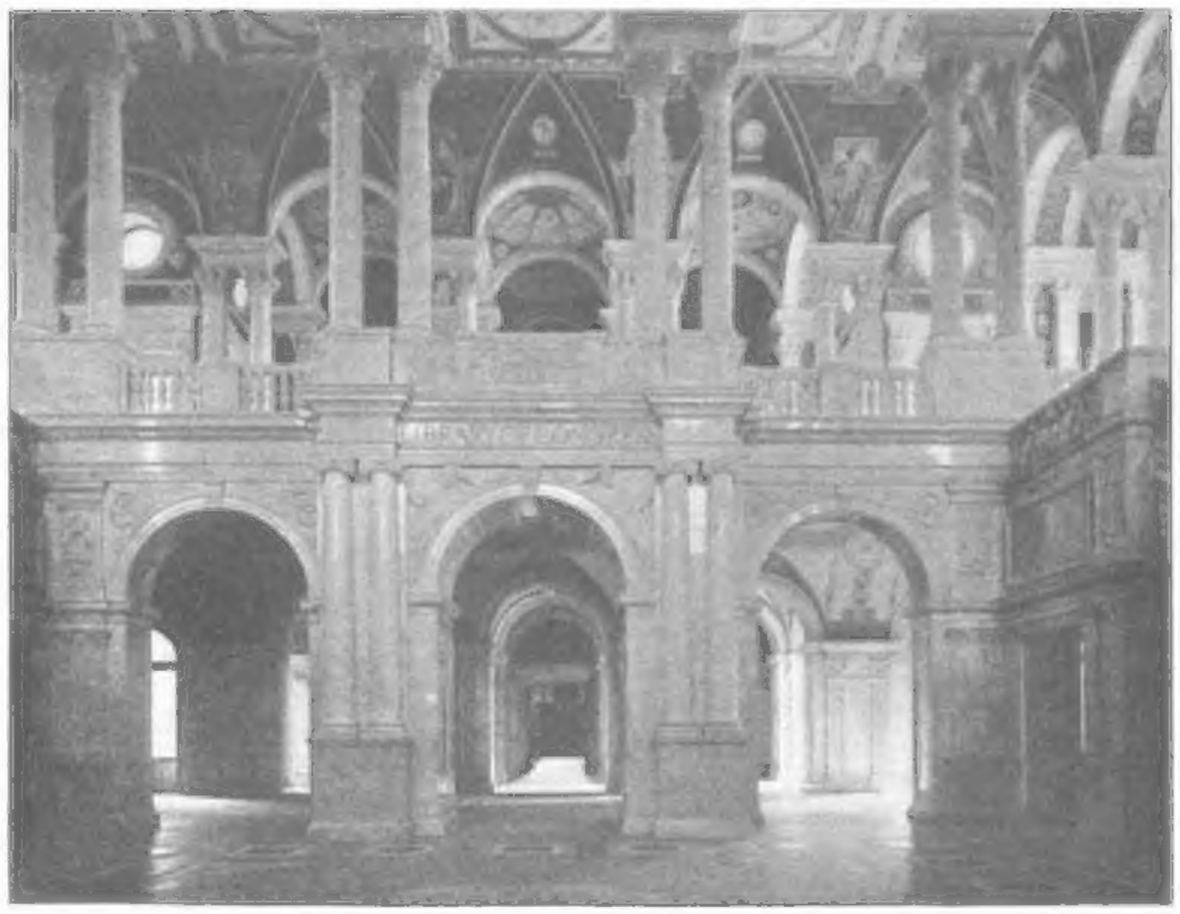
As it stands to-day, the new Library building is the greatest monument to literature and learning that has ever been erected by human hands. No palace in the world equals it in beauty, and the solidity of its construction is such as to guarantee its endurance through the ages. It will be the model after which other nations will copy in the creation of the book-houses of the future. That it will ever be surpassed seems unlikely. This country may well be proud of it as the best contribution which it has made to architecture up to date. We are accused as a nation of leaning to immensity rather than beauty in all our undertakings; but the Library of Congress should convince the most skeptical foreigner that we have an eye for the beautiful, the symmetrical in architecture, and that though our Federal buildings are, as a rule, hideous, we can erect beautiful structures that will vie with the world's finest buildings. One rather notable point is that only one life was lost in the building of this structure—that of a young man named Acton, who fell from the skylight of the great stair-hall.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY HOWARD GREY DOUGLAS

THE MAIN HALL, SHOWING COMMEMORATIVE ARCH

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY HOWARD GREY DOUGLAS

SPECIAL READING-ROOM FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY H. CLAYTON GROFF

FIREPLACE IN READING-ROOM FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Our First Popular National Loan

In determining to make the first allotment of the issue of $200,000,000 of three-per-cent. bonds, authorized by the War Revenue Bill, to the smallest subscribers, the Treasury Department has introduced a novel feature in our National system of finance. Much time and considerable expense would be saved had the entire issue been offered to one, two or three bidders who would quickly snap up the whole amount.

But this war is being waged by the people of the United States; it will be paid for, till Spain reimburses us in cash or other consideration, by the people; and it is only a just recognition of the handsome manner in which the people have sustained the Government that the latter should give the humblest citizen possessing twenty dollars an opportunity to become a bond-holder on as favorable terms as the capitalist. This manner of allotting the bonds reverses the procedure in all previous issues. The Government wishes to make the first issue of the bonds a strictly popular loan, and indications point to a large over-subscription by the people as individuals of moderate means.

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The Philippine Bill of Rights

Public interest has been so deeply absorbed with the wonderful story of Admiral Dewey's prowess in Manila Bay that the causes of the revolution in the Philippine Islands have been overlooked, if, indeed, they have ever been really understood here. The terms which the revolutionary chiefs submitted to the Spanish authorities as the only basis of peace have just been made public. They indicate clearly the condition of the people and public affairs prior to and during the operations preceding Admiral Dewey's appearance.

The insurgents demanded representation in the Spanish parliament; the same political treatment that would be extended to the Cubans; reforms to curtail abuses in public administration; freedom of the press to announce official corruption; abolition of the system of secret deportation of political suspects; general amnesty for all rebels, and guarantees for their personal security and from the vengeance of the priests; and the expulsion or secularization of the religious orders and the prohibition of the orders from all official vetoes in civil administration. These demands were agreed to by General Primo de Rivera, but were never carried out.

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Great Cotton Crop in View

The present year bids fair to be a phenomenal one in the United States in the matter of the development of its great industries. Cotton, once king of the staples, is showing an increase that is surprising in view of the organized restriction of cultivation by large growers in the last three years. The cotton year ends on August 31, and the weather conditions of the last two months make or unmake the crop. Conditions are most favorable in June, and this year they indicated a crop never before equaled in this country, amounting very closely to 11,000,000 bales, of full weight and average quality.

In the New England States unfavorable trade conditions have somewhat decreased the demand for the staple, but in Europe there is an increased activity in manufacturing, which greatly swells the outlet for our product. Of over 10,600,000 bales received at the time of writing, more than 7,000,000 bales were exported to Europe. In the domestic market, Northern mills took about 2,100,000 bales and Southern mills over 850,000 bales. These exports are independent of China and Japan, whose orders show a steady annual increase.

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Why Special War Revenue is Necessary

The War Revenue Bill passed by Congress shows how the people of the United States propose to pay in large measure the costs of putting an end to Spanish misgovernment in Cuba. Great sums of money have already been appropriated for war purposes from the regular income of the Government. The authorized issue of bonds is to insure the prosecution of the war beyond the time for which appropriations now operative will pay.

It has been estimated that if the war should continue to the close of the present year the expenses would aggregate some $600,000,000. Expenses will not cease when hostile operations do. There will be armies of occupation to support, and squadrons of ships to keep in constant readiness for unforeseen contingences. Between the times of the cessation of actual hostilities and the absolute determination of the results of the war by diplomatic agencies, our Government will be obliged to perform a large amount of police duty on land and water. These requirements call for extraordinary expenditures, and special means for raising the money are provided by the Revenue Bill that ordinary expenses may be promptly met by the Government.

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The Use of Kites in War

So many curious and valuable results have been obtained lately with the new style of kites, that their utilization for scientific purposes is to be practically and thoroughly tested in Cuba, and the outcome will be watched with interest by the strategists.

Among the most successful experimenters are Lieut. Hugh D. Wise, of the United States Infantry, and William A. Eddy, of Bayonne, New Jersey. The results already obtained include the taking of distinct photographs of the earth from kites in mid-air, the measuring of an altitude of 9,386 feet above the ground, the determination of the temperature at that height at thirty-eight degrees when it was sixty-three degrees on the surface of the earth; the raising of a full-grown man, Lieutenant Wise, to a height of forty-two feet by four kites in tandem, and the establishment of perfect telephonic communication through a wire held aloft by two kites more than a mile apart.

Lieutenant Wise has prepared a complete outfit of Wise-Eddy folding kites, with signaling and aerial photographing equipment, for use in the invading Army of Cuba. A repetition there of what he and Mr. Eddy have accomplished elsewhere would prove an invaluable aid in military operations.

First American Flag Protecting Cuba

To the epochal dates previously given in these columns, that of June 10 should now be added as the one on which the United States actually invaded Spanish territory. The landing of a strong force of American marines at Caimanera, on the harbor of Guantanamo, Cuba, the lowering of the Spanish flag at the blockhouse, and the hoisting of Old Glory in its place, indicated the beginning of the most serious operations of the war. It was the first time that regular American troops trod the soil of Cuba, and the first time that the American flag ever waved there from a Spanish staff.

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Individual Citizens Pay for the War

Every citizen of the United States will pay a share of the cost of the war. Whether merchant, manufacturer, importer, retailer, banker, or insurance man, the War Revenue Bill has schedules of special taxes for all. The collector of this revenue will enter all the great business establishments of the country, and, by proxy, the humblest homes in the land. Luxuries for the rich, indispensable necessities for the poor will alike bear the adhesive stamp that shows a payment of so many cents on account of the war debt. Where the tax is imposed heavily on large business interests of any kind, the amount will be made up by increased cost to the consumer or last user.

Though many millions of dollars each will be derived from a number of great industries, in these as in other instances the individual citizen will really pay for the war. There are countless things in everyday use that must be paid for by the person benefited, such as bank checks, notes, deeds, mortgages, and other legal documents, and these emergency payments will be kept up until Spain shall have fully compensated us.

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The Social Democracy Movement

The latest attempt to establish a cooperative community in the United States has been wrecked on the rocks of politics. A year ago Eugene V. Debs founded the Social Democracy of America, on lines that won the sympathy of many persons who could not indorse the extreme views of the founder. The plan contemplated the acquisition of a large area of wild land, the preparation of the soil for cultivation, the gathering of herds of cattle, the erection of industrial plants, schools, churches and dwellings, and, when everything was in readiness for people to begin to earn their living, the establishment of groups of colonies of about 500 people each.

These settlers would not have to prepare their land and put up their houses, as is generally the case, but would find on their arrival that all preparations had been made for them. Gradually, the settlers would attempt to secure control of the political powers of the State or Territory in which they had located, and reorganize them according to the principles of the Social Democracy. In the first annual convention which has just been held, the Democracy hopelessly split, because colonization was preferred to radical political action.

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Coal an Important Factor in Naval Warfare

The most important factor so far in the war is coal, for without it naval squadrons would be useless, and military expeditions, such as are now required, impossible. The coaling-station and the coaling-ship are as indispensable as the fighting-ship. Admiral Sampson's ships consume daily an amount of coal that is almost incredible, and because their coal-carrying capacity is much less than that of merchant vessels in proportion to their size, they are constantly taking on fresh supplies. An ordinary gunboat can carry from one hundred to two hundred tons at a time, and the largest battle-ships an average of 1300 tons. The consumption depends on the speed of the vessel.

Carefully noted experiments have shown that a first-class ocean steamship will burn ninety tons of coal per day when going steadily at the rate of twelve knots an hour, and three hundred tons at a twenty-knot rate. The trip from New York to Europe will consume from 2500 to 3500 tons, which the ship must carry with it. Our battle-ships and cruisers ordinarily steam at a rate of twelve knots per hour, but in emergencies will increase the speed to eighteen, twenty, and, in some cases, more knots, by means of a forced draught for the furnaces. To do this, however, the ship will burn three times as much coal as on a twelve-knot speed.

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Severity of Our Navigation Laws

An emergency of the war recalled attention to the severities of the navigation laws of the United States relating to the registry of shipping. An act of Congress was necessary to secure American registers and the protection of our flag for the vessels of the Northern Pacific Steamship Company needed to transport reinforcements to Admiral Dewey. The registry clauses in the navigation laws were adopted as a means of protecting the American ship-builder. They have been upheld and combatted in Congress and in the press with equal vigor, but this is the first time that the Government itself has been affected by them.

No American citizen is allowed to import a foreign-built vessel for his own use and to acquire a registry for it. An American vessel ceases to be such if owned in the smallest degree by a naturalized citizen, who, after acquiring it, lives abroad. The vessel of a native-born citizen, excepting a partner in an American mercantile house, who resides abroad, loses its American registry and protection. No foreigner can have an interest in a vessel under American registry, nor command, nor be an officer of one. An American vessel once sold to a foreigner can never regain its American registry.

We are the only people in the world forbidden to purchase foreign-built vessels, but we receive into our ports the vessels of the world, purchased anywhere. To the severity and inequality of these laws has been ascribed the passing from our control of the carrying trade of our own products.

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Jewish Colonization of Palestine

The new movement for the founding of a Jewish political State in Palestine has had a stronger indorsement among Jews in Europe than in the United States. This is doubtless due to the restrictions placed upon them as a race in other countries, which have created a longing for any change that gave promise of an improvement in their condition. The dream of the actual and sole occupation of the Holy Land is not likely to be realized—at least, not in the near future.

Turkey would never consent to the erection of anything bordering on a new nation there. Germany has already secured a strong foothold in Asia Minor, as well as considerable interests in Palestine itself. Other European nations have claims on the territory which would preclude the organization of an independent Government. Nevertheless, the present movers, who have united under the name of Zionists, propose to try the experiment. They have planned to thoroughly colonize Palestine with Jews, at the cost of the Jews themselves. It will require about $100,000,000 to carry out the plan, and the Zionists expect ultimately to settle 5,000,000 Jews there and provide them with the means of supporting themselves by agriculture.

* * *

Changing the Capital of an Empire

It is an unusual thing for a nation to change its National capital. Such a movement has been in contemplation in China since the close of the war with Japan, and it now appears likely to be carried out. The real motive involves no question of sanitary conditions nor adequate area. With what is known of the present embarrassments of the Empire, the influences that have been exerted on the young Emperor by the astute diplomats of Europe, whereby the Empire has lost invaluable territory, and the extreme jealousy pervading the Chinese Foreign Office, the cause is not difficult to conjecture.

The change from Peking to Sian-Fu is the scheme of the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Council, which has met with several rebuffs of late in its course of controlling foreign affairs. If the Council succeeds in its present purpose, it will isolate the Emperor and his court at Sian-Fu, while it will attempt to continue at Peking its direct intercourse with foreign representatives, and thus perpetuate its ancient privilege.

* * *

Our Interest in the Caroline Islands

This group of five hundred small islands in the North Pacific Ocean, which rumor says will be seized in the name of the United States by the naval vessels accompanying the expedition to the Philippine Islands, lies north of New Guinea and east of the Philippines. They have a gross area of only about 560 square miles, and a population (chiefly Malays) of 36,000. The most important island is Yap, and the largest, and at the same time the one best known to Americans, is Ponape. Nearly all of the islands are of coral origin, though a few are basaltic. They were discovered in 1528, and have remained in the possession of Spain.

England, Germany, and other European countries have unavailingly claimed them for coaling and commercial purposes. In 1885, Germany made its last claim, and after a long international quarrel the Pope arbitrated in favor of Spain. The people of the United States have been interested in the islands for more than forty years, because of the labors there and on other nearby islands of American missionaries. In 1890, Spanish troops destroyed all of the American mission property; Spain refused to pay an indemnity, and, in 1895, declined to permit American missionaries to resume work there.

* * *

Meaning of the Oregon Elections

Outside of Oregon the results of the spring elections there are important chiefly because they show a greatly strengthened indorsement of the sound-money doctrine. The campaign was a fight on one issue, and was really a continuation of that of 1896, when sound money won, but by a small margin. This year the present gold standard was encouraged and upheld by a majority closely approaching 10,000.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

THE NATIONAL SONGS OF THE REPUBLIC

WITH A DRAWING BY LEYENDECKER

XI

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O H, SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

★ ★ ★

XII

HAIL COLUMBIA

By JOSEPH HOPKINSON

H AIL, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, Heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hopes are sinking in dismay,
When gloom's obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

XIII

AMERICA

By REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH

M Y COUNTRY—'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country—thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God—to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light—
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

XIV

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By JULIA WARD HOWE

M INE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. [stored;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

★ ★ ★

XV

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

By THOMAS À BECKET, Sr.

O H, COLUMBIA, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm.
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true,
The Army and Navy forever;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

★ ★ ★

The Origin of Yankee Doodle

BY MANY nations has the air of Yankee Doodle been claimed. It is said that it was first sung as a vintage song in the South of France, and in Holland the reapers were used to lighten their labors with its lively strains. On the other hand, some claim a Spanish origin for this song.

The tune was first sung in England in the time of Charles I, and after the uprising headed by Cromwell the cavaliers used it to ridicule the Puritan, who was said to have ridden into Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume fastened into a knot which was derisively called macaroni. Yankee Doodle was introduced into America in June, 1755. When Braddock assembled the Colonists near Albany for an attack on Forts Niagara and Frontenac a British Army Surgeon, Dr. Richard Shuckburg, seeing the "old Continentals in their ragged regimentals," recalled the picture of Cromwell on the Kentish pony, and, writing down the notes of Yankee Doodle, gave them to the uncouth Continental band as the latest martial air from England. The joke became apparent twenty-five years later, when, to the music of Yankee Doodle, Lord Cornwallis surrendered to these same Continentals.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sixth part of a series of famous poems selected by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and published weekly, with illustrations from original drawings. A biographic sketch of the author of each poem, with a portrait, wherever possible, will be given. The story of how the poem was written and what inspired it will also be told, and the reader will be made to feel that the POST has made him better acquainted with the authors as living persons. In cases where there is disputed authorship the POST will fix the credit where it is due. This series of the world's best poems began in Number 48. The selections that have already appeared, with notes, are as follows:

I—Absolution	by	E. Nesbit	VI—Smack in School	by	William P. Palmer
II—Thanatopsis	by	William C. Bryant	VII—The Raven	by	Edgar Allan Poe
III—There is No Death	by	J. L. McCreery	VIII—Philip, My King	by	Dinah M. Craik
IV—The Children	by	C. M. Dickinson	IX—Ballad of Babie Bell	by	Thos. B. Aldrich
V—Jolly Old Pedagogue	by	George Arnold	X—Our Little Queen		Author unknown

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Lowering of "Old Glory"

NOW, when the sunset-gun is fired at a United States military post, "Old Glory" comes down amid most impressive ceremonies, and not, as formerly, when loosened halyards allowed the flag to descend with a run, to fall on the ground and be bundled up in a manner that bore no marks of the respect due to the emblem of our nation, says the Philadelphia Times. The old and unseemly mode of procedure has been entirely changed, thanks to a patriotic sentiment that demands that all ceremonies having to do with the Stars and Stripes be performed decently and in order. It was in response to that sentiment that the Army Board on Drill Regulations adopted an entirely new and most effective system, and one that was suggested and urged by Capt. W. R. Hamilton, of the Seventh United States Artillery, two years ago. Now the flag is properly treated.

Immediately before the time of lowering the flag the force at the post "fall in" ready for roll-call at the foot of the staff, where every man can see the Stars and Stripes as they are illumined by the parting rays of the sun. Then comes the measured roll-call, followed by the buglers sounding a "retreat." When the last note of the bugle is heard the gun is fired, and all the men are brought to "attention." If they are armed, arms are presented, and visitors and bystanders remove their hats. Then the band, standing on the parapet, immediately below the flag, plays The Star-Spangled Banner. When the playing begins the flag starts down, not hurriedly, but deliberately, and in rhythm with the music. As the moving air fans its bright folds, that are given an impulse by the measured motions of the halyards, they wave in time to the music, and perfect the harmony of sound, action and sentiment. When the last bar of patriotic music is completed, and the final inch of the halyards played out, the flag is not allowed to touch the ground. A sergeant and his detail stand ready to receive it, and four men appointed for the purpose take it in their outstretched arms and fold it carefully. Then it is carried to the guard-house, placed in a box especially provided for it, and kept under careful guard until the morning.

* * *

How the Declaration is Preserved

THE Declaration of Independence is kept between two great plates of glass, the edges of which are hermetically sealed, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. At intervals, and as a special favor, the custodian pulls out a drawer in a huge steel box and shows the treasure. But most of the time the two plates, with their sheet of parchment between, rests where burglars cannot break through, where fire cannot reach, and where daylight cannot complete the ravages already wrought by long exposure. Visitors to the State Department who want to see the Declaration are shown a perfect fac-simile, which hangs in a handsome frame and looks old enough to be original. They go away none the wiser for the substitution. The truth is, that the Declaration was fast becoming a tradition when the extraordinary steps for its preservation were taken, about three years ago.

In the Administration of John Quincy Adams a copper-plate of the original was made. To get the copy for the engraver the surface of the parchment was moistened with a wet cloth. A print was taken. It removed about fifty per cent. of the ink. For some years the original was exhibited under glass at the Patent Office. It hung where the sun reached it a short time each day, until the discovery was made that the script was fading. Better care was taken when the Declaration was hung in the library of the new State Department building. But for some reason never satisfactorily explained, the signatures suddenly seemed to be fading. John Hancock's name, one of the boldest on the sheet, in the space of two or three years, became too dim to distinguish. Then the officials having charge saw that, if left in the light, the original would in a few generations entirely disappear. The strong box was built. The plates of glass were obtained and sealed. In the drawer, underneath the Declaration, the copper-plate made in Adam's time is kept.

The Declaration can be deciphered with the aid of a glass, but the signatures are almost entirely faded out. What is left of the revered instrument will, with observance of present precautions, last a long time.

* * *

First American Flag Unfurled Abroad

THE first American flag that ever floated in a foreign port, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, was hoisted by Capt. Thomas Mendenhall. This event took place in the spring of 1776, at St. Eustatius, one of the neutral islands during the Revolutionary War. In the winter of 1775, Robert Morris, Esq., financier for the Continental Congress, chartered the brig Nancy at Wilmington, Delaware. The ensuing year she sailed for Porto Rico under English colors, and landed at Don Antonio Seronia to procure arms and ammunition by a contract previously made with the Spanish Government. From there the brig sailed to different islands to avoid suspicion. At St. Croix and St. Thomas the brig took in produce by day and munitions of war at night. These were sent from St. Eustatius in small vessels. When the cargo was nearly completed, information was received that independence had been declared and a description was given of the colors adopted. This, of course, was cheering news to the sailors, as they could then show their true colors and would not have to act clandestinely. The necessary material for the making of the flag was at once procured, and a young man on board set to work privately to make it. The young man was Thomas Mendenhall, who afterward became a Captain in the Navy. The brig was at once armed for defense and all things put in order ready to weigh anchor. On the day that the brig was to sail the Captain invited the Governor and suite and twenty other gentlemen on board to dine. A sumptuous dinner was served. As the customs barges approached with the guests, the rowers were ordered to lay on their oars while a salute of thirteen guns was fired. Amid the firing young Mendenhall, upon orders, hauled down the English flag, and in its stead raised aloft the first flag of this country ever seen in a foreign port. Cheers for the National Congress and cries of "Down with the lion, and up with the Stars and Stripes," accompanied the flag raising. The ancestors of Capt. Thomas Mendenhall were of English stock, and after coming to this country settled at Wilmington, Delaware, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Captain Mendenhall left seven children. His grandson, Mr. J. H. Mendenhall, is living in Ohio. Just at this time, when the Stars and Stripes are commanding the attention of the whole civilized world, it is interesting to know that they were first unfurled 122 years ago.

* * *

Veneration for the Flag

THE degradation of our National colors to purposes of personal and household decoration is inconsistent, undignified and should be restrained by popular sentiment, says the Boston Transcript. Thousands of women are eager to "do something" for this country—something to show their patriotism. Is not one way open, in grasping and spreading the idea of a sentiment for the colors so fine and consistent that their desecration for personal decoration should be realized by the thoughtless to be a desecration, a cheap vandalism?

To use the red, white and blue in ways that prevent the color from imparting any thrill of living feeling, but instead make all of the sensitive shrink from the profanation—is this not a lack of patriotism in the finest sense? The flag in the breeze on a staff is in its best place, and from that exalted position it may be placed in many relations worthy of it. But in the cheap or "funny" ways—never that!

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